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Edited by ARTHUR HORNBLOW

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THE THEATRE

VOL. XVII FEBRUARY, 1913 NO. 144

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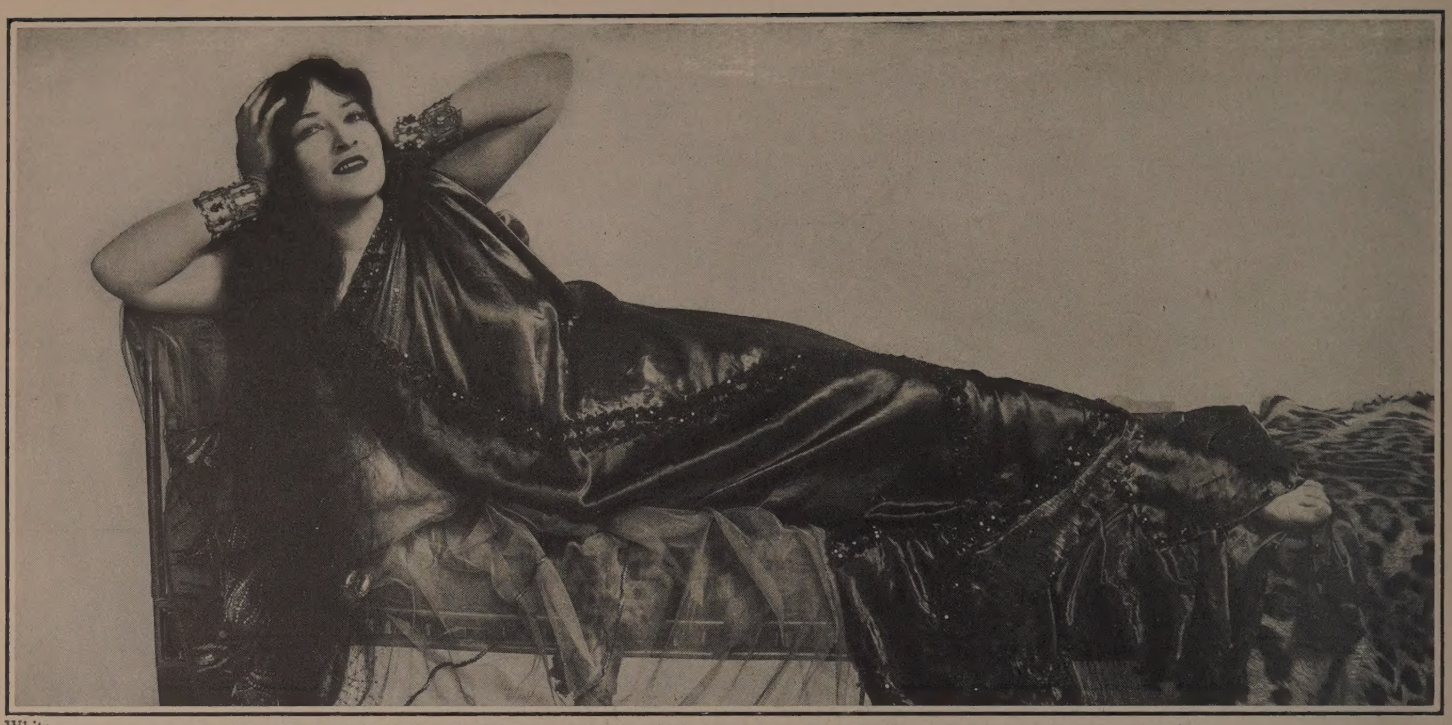
White

Joseph (Brandon Tynan) makes himself known to his brethren

SCENE IN LOUIS N. PARKER'S PLAY "JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN," AT THE CENTURY THEATRE



White

PAULINE FREDERICK AS ZULEIKA IN "JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN," AT THE CENTURY THEATRE

THE NEW PLAYS

ASTOR. "Fine Feathers." Play in four acts by Eugene Walter. Produced on January 7th last with the following cast:

Mrs. Collins	Rose Coghlan	Dick Meade	Max Figman
Mrs. Reynolds	Lolita Robertson	John Brand	Wilton Lackaye
Bob Reynolds	Robert Edeson	Frieda	Amelia Sumers

"Fine Feathers," the latest play by Eugene Walter, lacks the compactness, from start to finish, of "Paid in Full" and "The Easiest Way," the two plays that firmly established his reputation, but it has in it much that is characteristic of his thought and artistic expression. It lacks the sympathetic touch, so that some of its "big" scenes halt between the dramatic and the theatric. Mr. Walter is never disposed to be merely romantic; he chronicles passing conditions after the dramatic fashion, objectively, making his characters speak a good deal of practical wisdom and drawing them, without compromise, just as they are. This is the true attitude of the dramatist toward his characters. The play is not pleasant, which might be said of the other two plays mentioned, but there is a difference. It is in this difference that "Fine Feathers" falls short. The story is simple enough, and no doubt belongs to the life of the day.

A young husband, honest in his point of view of business, is overpersuaded by a rich man of affairs to participate in a dishonest scheme, not so much that he might improve his own condition in life as that he might relieve his wife of poverty. Love is a very potent tempter. He substitutes an inferior cement in the construction of a mill dam. In this way he finds himself in possession of forty thousand dollars, and then begins to speculate. He disposes of his cheap bungalow on Staten Island and possesses himself of a fine country house near the city. Why he should abandon Staten Island as a matter of fashion and improved circumstances is not clear, and perhaps it is immaterial in a dramatic way, although it might furnish animated discussion among real estate agents. The material thing is that he is not any happier on Long Island. It is there, however, that fate begins to get busy with him. His capitalistic friend gives him tips in certain transactions. At first there is profit, and then there is a disastrous loss. The young man had consulted his broker and not the capitalist; but it was the capitalist who had instructed the broker so as to cause the loss. As a result the young man makes himself criminally liable in overdrawing a check. Mr. Walter then issues a few checks and counterchecks of his own which look a bit artificial, but which bring about situations. A demand is made on the capitalist for a division of the profits of the original transaction. An exposure is about to be made in the newspapers. The upshot of it is that the young husband loses in his fight with the capitalist and blows out his brains at the telephone, announcing through it that he was about to commit suicide. At the same moment he had turned out the lights. This is an ingenious device, but it does not make the termination of a career less horrible. The wife wails in the dark until she is comforted, in the light now turned on, by a friend of the family, a merry young newspaper man.

SAM BERNARD
As Leo von Laubenheim in "All for the Ladies"

Of course, the lesson is taught that one should not substitute inferior cement in building mill dams and that speculation is a dangerous thing, and perhaps there is no way of making that lesson in a play pleasant. Mr. Max Figman does the best possible to that end in the circumstances, but toward the last he is as glum as anybody. In point of fact, all the other characters with any outlook on life that could be described as cheerful had abandoned the play before the end. An amusingly innocent and ignorant maid of all work held to the action as long as she possibly could, but Rose Coghlan (Mrs. Collins, a neighbor) got out after the second act.

The cast was small, six, with the addition of a nurse, who lived for two minutes in order to announce the condition of her patient, the young husband, and then faded away. The action is too slow in beginning, but the last two acts and the ending of the second act were in the virile manner of Eugene Walter. Mr. Wilton Lackaye, slim and relieved of his rotundity, impressive and even graceful, was at his best. He felt, looked, talked and acted the capitalist, with authority and with indifference as to

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Photos White

1. Old Nick, Jr. (Etienne Girardot), Betsy (Iva Merlin), Old Nick, Sr. (Edward Connelly), Mrs. MacMiche (William Norris), Charles MacLance (Ernest Truex), Act I. Mrs. MacMiche plans to send Charles to the horrid black school. 2. Act I. Charles is sent to bed without his supper. 3. Act II. Juliet (Mary Pickford) waiting for her lover's return. 4. Act II. The search for Charles by his wicked old aunt. 5. Act III. The fairies restore Juliet's sight. 6. Act III. Charles gives up court life and returns home

SCENES IN THE FAIRY PLAY "A GOOD LITTLE DEVIL," AT THE REPUBLIC THEATRE

results—to others. Mr. Robert Edeson, as the hapless young husband whose fortunes crumbled, and who in seeking the easiest way paid in full the penalty, was also at his best. Miss Lolita Robertson, in the play the wife, ambiguous of fine feathers, is the one entirely agreeable character in the play, because she was very human and held your sympathies. The play is filled with incidents, and may be described as a good acting play that grips theatrically at moments, but leaves no deep impression. It is likely, however, to make a popular appeal.

Designed and built by Edward B. Corey, the new Cort Theatre is a beautiful playhouse, with sweeping, commanding lines, comfortable seats and admirable acoustic properties. If any exception is to be taken, it is that pink is too delicate a shade for such an expanse of decoration.

Mr. Manners' comedy makes a delicious entertainment. Call it conventional if you will, admit the probabilities are stretched if necessary, the fact remains that his output is graciously human, distinctly pathetic and wittily ingenious. Peg is the

White — Mrs. Brinton (Alice Putnam) — John Strong (Herbert Kelcey) — Michael Doyle (Bruce McRae) — Mrs. Howard (Effie Shannon) — Christopher Dallas (Lyn Harding) — Metz (E. M. Holland)

Act I. The widow with her two cavaliers about to go to her first dinner at Sherry's

SCENE IN "YEARS OF DISCRETION," NOW BEING PRESENTED AT THE BELASCO THEATRE

CORT. "Peg o' My Heart." Comedy in three acts by J. Hartley Manners. Produced on December 20 with the following cast:

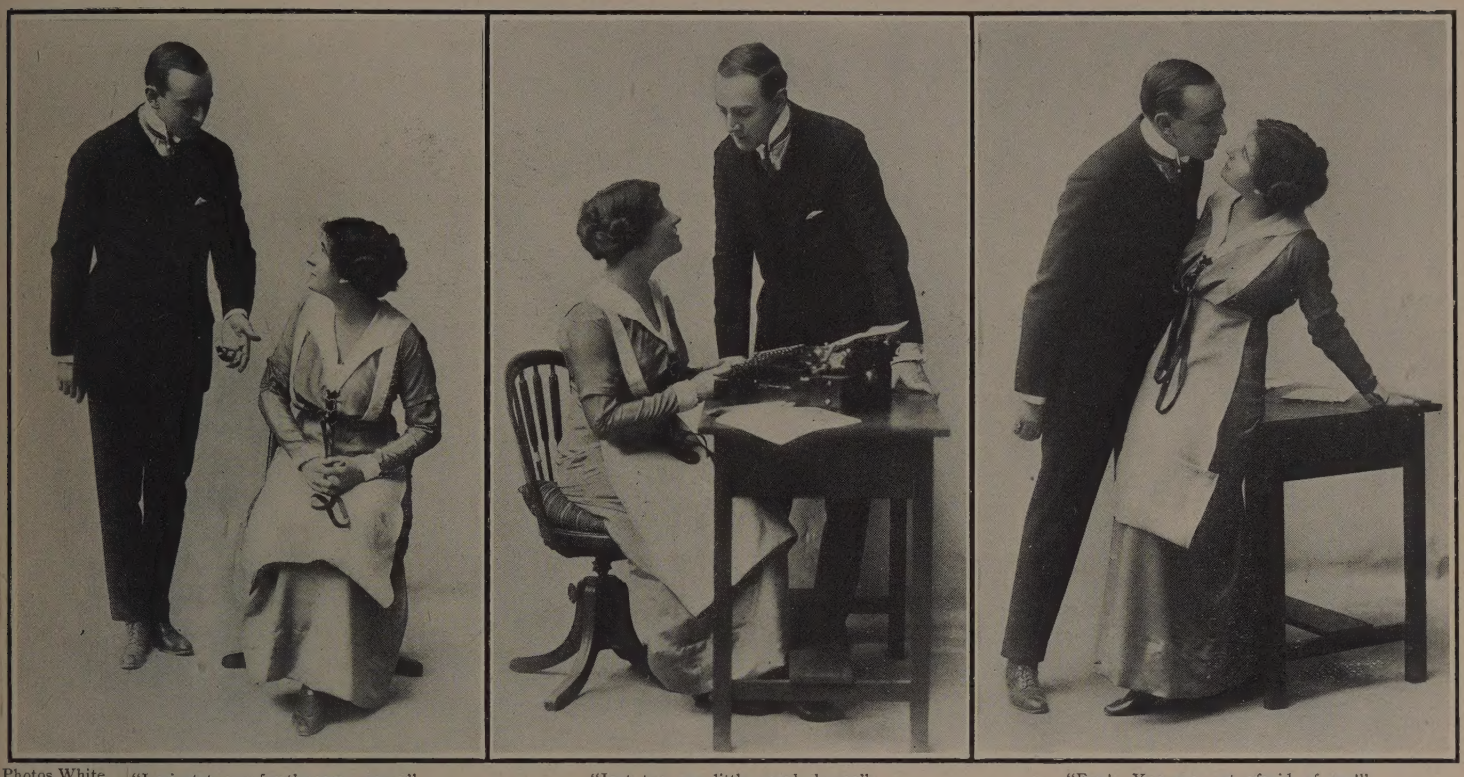
Mrs. Chichester.....Emilie Melville	Christian Brent.....Reginald Mason
Footman .....Peter Bassett	Peg .....Laurette Taylor
Ethel .....Christine Norman	Montgomery Hawkes.Clarence Handyside
Alaric .....Hassard Short	Maid .....Ruth Gartland

To find the bull's-eye of success this year has caused the local managers a vast amount of troublous consideration. But Mr. John Cort, from the far West, bravely invades the metropolis, erects a beautiful playhouse of commodious dimensions, decorated in admirable taste, presents a new star in a new play and scores an emphatic success in every particular.

Miss Laurette Taylor, whose artistic creation of the Hawaiian princess in "The Bird of Paradise," earned her such encomiums last season, is the player who has been raised to the stellar lists. She deserves the honor and is likely to reap the just rewards of her graceful talents and unique and charming personality. And romance, too, enters into this combination for the theatrical medium of her display, a comedy of youth in three acts entitled "Peg o' My Heart," was written for her by J. Hartley Manners, who is now her husband.

daughter of an Irish visionary who married an English girl. The mother dies and so does a rich brother, who was not kind to her in her hours of poverty. He wills that Peg shall be his beneficiary, but that she must be brought up by people of culture and refinement. Mrs. Chichester, her English aunt, apparently bankrupt, unknown to Peg, assumes the bringing up for "what there is in it," and Peg appears to take up her new English life. There she goes through her troubles and her triumphs, saves her cousin from an elopement with a married man, is much misunderstood and even persecuted, but wins out and secures a husband in a middle-aged "Jerry," who has sympathized with and befriended her through her troubles.

This delightfully drawn character of Peg is acted with exquisite charm, sensibility, humor and pathos by Miss Taylor. Jerry is played with suave politeness and dignity by H. Reeves-Smith, while Clarence Handyside and Reginald Mason are appropriately and happily cast. The Chichester family are well taken care of by Emily Melville as the dowager, Hassard Short, splendidly characteristic as the son, and Christine Norman as the daughter. "Peg o' My Heart" is the comedy hit of the year.



Photos White "I reinstate you for the same reason" "Just try one little word, l-o-v-e" "Eva! You are not afraid of me!"

SALLIE FISHER AND WALTER PERCIVAL IN "EVA," RECENTLY AT THE NEW AMSTERDAM

CRITERION. "THE ARGYLE CASE." Play in four acts by Harriet Ford and Harvey J. O'Higgins, written in co-operation with William J. Burns. Produced on December 24 with the following cast:

Asche Kayton	Mr. Hilliard	Thomas Nash	John J. Pierson
Bruce Argyle	Calvin Thomas	"Bob" Vincent	E. J. Righton
James Hurley	Alphonse Ethier	"Jim" Baynes	Daniel Murray
Dr. Kreisler	Bertram Marburgh	Mrs. Martin	Selene Johnson
Simeon Gage	John Beck	Mary Masuret	Stella Archer
William Skidd	F. R. Russell	Mrs. Wyatt	Agnes Everett
Augustus Leischmann	Robert Newcombe	Nancy Thornton	Elizabeth Eyre
"Joe" Manning	Joseph Tuohy	Mrs. Beauregard	Amy Lee
Samuel Cortwright	W. H. Gilmore	Kitty	Wanda Carlyle

"The Argyle Case" has been added to the very entertaining plays of the season which revolve about crime. It is to be remarked about these plays that they have the novelty and the merit of being innocuous. In them crime is incidental, and there is no criminal intent of authorship. Most of them are as harmless as peep shows. At all events, in "The Argyle Case" it is the hunter who is running down the criminals which chiefly interests us. The play attracts attention, in no small degree, because it serves Robert Hilliard, one of the most capable and popular actors of the day, and because in it we see, it may be said for the first time, a revelation of the most approved methods in detecting crime. Much of the story and many of the incidents were furnished by W. J. Burns, the most noted detective of the hour. Such high authority stamps the play with unusual genuineness.

It is a busy play. Not only is a murderer run down, but a den of counterfeiters is unearthed. We see suspect after suspect eliminated by means of finger prints, adroitly procured, until the right clue is obtained; and finally confirmation and proof of the various clues are obtained by means of the dictagraph. The story, which gives opportunities for the showing of the detective in action, is less important than the incidental scenes, but it is sufficient. A millionaire has been found murdered in his home. Members of the household are suspected, in particular an adopted daughter, to whom the estate has been willed. The detective questions all in the house, one by one, and becomes convinced of the innocence of the adopted daughter. The love affair that springs up between the two is subordinated, for the play is realistic rather than romantic. Nevertheless, the detective's personal motives in running down the murderer are reinforced by sentiment. Circumstances pointed to her. The real murderer is a lawyer, but it is only by sifting down until almost the last moment that the detective reveals to the audience that he has had the right theory for some time. There is a succession of thrilling scenes, and "The Argyle Case" promises to acquire popularity.

"The Yellow Jacket"

The delicate sound of a tinkling bell,
A soft-falling silence—the Orient's spell,
An exquisite odour of bright cherry flowers,
A fantasy whispered in fairyland's bowers.

The blood-giving love of the mother, "Chee moo,"
Brave "Woo-hoo-git's" journey "Plum Blossom" to woo,
Insouciant daffodil and fox-like Chow-wan,
Who said the ages of fancy had gone?

D. M.

CENTURY. "Joseph and His Brethren." Pageant play in four acts (based on the biblical narrative) by Louis N. Parker. Produced on January 11 last with the following cast:

Jacob	James O'Neill	Asher	Franklyn Pangborn
Reuben	Harvey Braban	Issachar	F. Wilmot
Simeon	Howard Kyle	Zebulun	Edwin Cushman
Levi	Frank Woolfe	Joseph	Brandon Tynan
Judah	Emmet King	Benjamin	Sidney D. Carlyle
Dan	Charles Macdonald	Zuleika	Pauline Frederick
Naphtali	Arthur Row	Asenath	Lily Cahill
Gad	John M. Troughton	Pharaoh	James O'Neill

If the production at the Century Theatre, "Joseph and His Brethren," were merely spectacular it would not be profitable to its audiences; but it is something more than a pageant play. Louis N. Parker, who has given dramatic form to the biblical narrative, has treated it with proper sincerity and reverence, adding only such details to the story and to the happenings as are consistent with the possible facts. It is hardly necessary to say that none of the available incidents and happenings of the biblical tale are omitted in representation. There are thirteen scenes. The pictorial opportunities of the localities may be readily imagined. Some of the pictures are exceedingly beautiful. The time and skill and research bestowed on them provides such a multitude of details that we shall not attempt to describe these scenes. One scene of the Pyramids, another of the Wells of Dothan, the gardens and the interiors of Potiphar's House and other scenes of Oriental life could be singled out for description in order to give an idea of what the enterprising management of the Lieblers has put on view. The acting corresponds in sincerity with

the aim of the management to have the production convey the spirit of the story. Mr. James O'Neill, first as Jacob, and then as Pharaoh, was exceedingly impressive. That the twelve sons of Jacob required to be acted with discrimination is a matter of course, and the selection of actors for the purpose was admirably successful. Brandon Tynan was Joseph. Pauline Frederick, as Potiphar's wife, acted with the baleful fire of the kind desired, and was entirely satisfactory in a difficult part. In the nature of the case the cast is a very large one, and scores and scores of people are employed in representing the multitudes necessary to such a large action. The play, pageant as it is called, is too large to admit of being reported in detail.

THIRTY-NINTH STREET. "THE RIVALS." Comedy in four acts by Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Produced on December 16 with the following cast:

Sir Anthony Absolute, Fred. W. Permain; Captain Jack Absolute, Frank Reicher; Faulkland, John Westley; Bob Acres, George Giddens; Sir Lucius O'Trigger, Percy Lyndal; Fag, W. Mayne Lynton; David, Littledale Power; Thomas, Thomas F. Fallon; Mrs. Malaprop, Ffolliott Paget; Lydia Languish, Annie Russell; Julia, Henrietta Goodwin; Lucy, Mary Murillo.

It is sincerely to be hoped that Annie Russell's venture with the old English comedies will meet with that success that makes for permanency. Each succeeding production under her intelligent treatment shows an advance in spirit and polished detail. For the third of the series she revived the immortal "Rivals." Not the edition which Jefferson used to play in which Bob Acres was raised to a prominence out of proportion to the true balance, but the old-time five-act version as it came from the sparkling pen of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. It was a splendidly adequate performance which she and her associates gave. There was genuine atmosphere to the setting and in the rendering of the text. The old familiar points all got over, the action was spirited and graceful and it was altogether a production which satisfied the old-timers and gave genuine delight to the very large number who were hearing the brilliant comedy for the first time.

Miss Russell's Lydia Languish is a most engaging personation, thoroughly attuned to the times, alert, graceful and spirited. Bob Acres was rendered with cheerful unction and discreet humor by George Giddens, and the verbal vagaries of Mrs. Malaprop were comically realized by Ffolliott Paget. There was choleric vigor and variety to Fred. W. Permain's Sir Anthony and rollicking capacity to the rendering which Percy Lyndal gave to Sir Lucius O'Trigger. Littledale Power, a good actor in old comedy, was an excellent David, and the remainder of the cast was in every particular sound and sure. The settings were ample.

White

Lina Abarbanell and Robert Warwick in "Miss Princess," recently at the Park Theatre

---

GARRICK. "THE CONSPIRACY." Play in three acts by John Roberts. Produced on December 21 with this cast:

Winthrop Clavering, John Emerson; John Howell, Francis Byrne; Samuel Shipman, Guy Nichols; Col. Schultz, C. Krauss; Prof. Kaufman, W. L. Romaine; Mr. Christopher, Warren Cook; Dr. Jennings, Edward Wade; Capt. Ryan, Wm. J. Kane; Uncle Mark, Lawrence Eddinger; Enrico Savelli, Georgio Majeroni; Gus Weinberg, Boyd Agin; Victor Holt, Willet Barrett; John Flynn, John Williams; Detective Murray, C. Krauss; Margaret Holt, Jane Grey; Rose Towne, Ann Leonard; Juanita Perez, Helena Rapport; Martha, Julia Blanc.

"The Conspiracy" was written by John Roberts, unknown hitherto as a purveyor to the stage. That he must have "covered Police Headquarters" for a Metropolitan daily is more than probable. This new play of New York life fairly reeks with an intimate knowledge of Mulberry and Centre streets. It reveals a thoroughly minute understanding of crime and its ramifications; dealing as it does with the victim of a band of white slavers. Released from their toils she kills the leader in a struggle. The police decide that the murder was committed by a jealous woman. An eccentric writer of detective stories, the woman in the case, Margaret Holt, has become his stenographer, works it out that it was a victim who perpetrated the deed. From his imagination he dictates a story that fits in so closely with the real facts that Margaret acknowledges her guilt. To save her from the police and to rescue her brother, who is also a prisoner, becomes the purpose of the eccentric littérateur, Winthrop Clavering.

The conclusion is ingenious, exciting and satisfying and what goes before is replete with moments of thrilling suspense.

Clavering is acted by John Emerson with characteristic skill and telling eccentricity of purpose.

LYCEUM. "BLACKBIRDS." Comedy in three acts by Harry James Smith. Produced on January 6th with this cast:

Suzanne .....Mme. Mathilde Cottrelly	Leonie Sobatsky.....Laura Hope Crews
Page Boy .....Robert Young	The Hon. Nevil Trask....H. B. Warner
Mrs. Edna Crocker.....Ethel Winthrop	Howard Crocker.....James Bradbury
Arline Crocker.....Jean Gailbraith	Barclay .....E. L. Duane
Mrs. Bechel.....Sydney Valentine	Grandma .....Ada Dwyer

"Blackbirds" was the second play of Mr. Harry James Smith, who with "Mrs. Bumpstead Leigh" gave evidence of capacity for humorously satirical comedy. The play which provided Mrs. Fiske with one of her most entertaining (*Continued on page xi*)

Copyright Mishkin
Dinh Gilly in "The Huguenots"

Geraldine Farrar as Marguerite in "Faust"

Copyright Mishkin
Umberto Macnez in "Rigoletto"

THREE POPULAR SINGERS HEARD RECENTLY AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

AT THE OPERA

SOMEHOW or other, to lapse into the vernacular of the indefinite, the past month of opera at the Metropolitan has proven beyond any doubt just how great a public institution is opera in New York. Few of us (meaning the much-abused critical tribe) ever pull ourselves together during the coursing music season and ruminate. We are so hounded by opera, concert, recital—or recital, concert, opera—so harassed by this continuous performance of music that we take the great public for granted. We are so busy listening if Caruso is losing a penny-worth of gold from one of his brilliant tones, so intent to note whether or not Fremstad has thought out some new dramatic angle to her reading of Isolde or Brünnhilde, so busy wondering why some conductors never have a single new idea during the whole season, that we almost forget the most important part of opera—namely, the audiences.

Don't start—for I mean it. Without audiences grand opera would be physically impossible. Deprive an opera artist of his listeners and he usually grows as flat as the proverbial pancake. It was the late King Ludwig of Bavaria, I believe, who once ordered and heard a performance of "Tristan und Isolde" played and sung for his own private ear. And, without wishing in the least to emulate the privilege of that majesty, I have heard the same work at rehearsal, hidden away in the dark corner of the Metropolitan, with no one else to keep me company in being an audience save the charwomen who were tidying the parterre boxes for that night's invasion of the fashionables that were to occupy them. If you will believe me, the effect is not the same. The artists leave you with the impression that they are only rehearsing mood and voice for the performance itself. Heard in absolutely cold blood, truth compels me to admit that this rehearsal was probably the greatest performance of "Tristan und Isolde" that ever I had heard, but that is only because I am a critic who is trying to be youthfully enthusiastic and welcomes with glee any thrill that will parade up and down my spine in response to the call of music. As a hardened opera-goer I know that something vital was absent from that performance, and that vital element was, and is—the dear, patient public.

So, half closing my eyes and squinting back at the past four weeks of music—
—particularly the opera—the most amazing point of interest appears the manner in which audiences have flocked to the Metropolitan. The period has been that of the much-hymned holiday season, the time of the year that hangs like a pall over the joy of theatre managers, for they know they cannot vie with the counter attraction or counter duty of Christmas shopping and visiting. And yet the Metropolitan has been filled with eager listeners at every performance. Its capacity has not been taxed on every single occasion, but the audiences of late have always been of a size that spell artistic appreciation and financial success.

And there really has been no especial lodestone to draw the opera-goers to the Metropolitan—several revivals, no distinct novelties, and for the rest just artistic productions of standard operas, given with artistic excellence, that makes foreign visitors gasp in admiration. Now it is the great public which is keen for these matters artistic. One hears it said and reads it still oftener that in New York fashion is the mainstay of opera. That may be true, but only partially. Fashion certainly does not persuade hundreds to stand nightly, often packed four deep behind the brass rail, while in the upper galleries the standees look like lines of flies about a sugar bowl. Fashion fills parterre boxes and many orchestra stalls, but the remaining spaces of the Metropolitan are filled with eager devotees of opera who go there to hear and see artistic performances, which Gatti-Casazza certainly gives to the very best of his ability and power. All this has come home to me during the past month, making interested observers realize that grand opera here has ceased to be a fad—if ever it was only that—and that now it is an institution and one of high standards and culture.

Scribes who adore patronizing the public declare that opera is the very lowest form of musical art. All of which may be true, or it may not. Surely anyone with half an ear and an ounce of ideals can readily determine that the average Metropolitan opera performance is miles above the average symphony concert heard

here to-day, when the chief aim of some conductors appears to be to perform classics in a most dry and perfunctory manner, while the rest of their program is loaded down with novelties that have never before been heard here, and, being heard once, arouse in the hearer a sincere hope that they will never be heard again, and should never have been heard in the first place. The Metropolitan Opera orchestra is one of the best opera orchestras in the world, and at its head stand some of the world's greatest conductors. Among the singers are the very pick of Europe's and America's artistic forces. These points are being appreciated by the big public. And they probably explain in some measure why so many concerts are poorly attended while the opera house is crowded.

It really looks to me as though the mass of music lovers were waking up and beginning to discriminate, as they do abroad. Gatti-Casazza has moved with unerring footsteps ever since he has been at the Metropolitan, aiming for the highest goal, eliminating nepotism and favoritism, striving to treat each series of subscribers with absolute impartiality and trying to give as good performances as are humanly possible. He has made some mistakes, of course, but he has rectified them as soon as possible. But, above all things, he has never ceased considering the most important factor in the whole game of opera—namely, the public.

That brings us exactly where we started on this little digression. So far as the news of the Metropolitan's doings are concerned for the month, the chief item was a revival of Meyerbeer's "The Huguenots," sung in Italian. It has been about seven years since this bombastic opera has been heard at the Metropolitan, and thus the present revival partook something of the nature of a novelty. Remarkably beautiful new scenery had been imported, both the first and second act sets being really artistic pictures. The cast was all-star, and interest centred mainly upon Frieda Hempel, noted German coloraturo, whose arrival had been delayed for nearly two months by reason of a cold contracted last summer. She made her début singing Marguerite de Valois, displaying a voice of phenomenal height, with accuracy as to intonation, much agility, and, above all, a voice of wonderful beauty. Instead of being a thin, bodyless, florid voice, this organ has real foundation and lovely quality. Where she disappointed was in the paleness of her highest tones. She took these easily but they were without much charm and were also devoid of volume. But as these vocal conditions did not prevail with Miss Hempel when she sang abroad, it is only just to believe that they are the result of her prolonged indisposition.

1. Johanna Gadski as Brünnhilde
2. Frieda Hempel as Gilda in "Rigoletto"

To return to "The Huguenots," Caruso sang Raoul, and while this part is not the happiest one for this eminent tenor, yet he sang gloriously, particularly the opening solo, and he acted it well. Destinn was Valentine, but was not at her best until the final act, or the fourth act, rather, for the final act is happily omitted in the present version. Scotti was De Nevers, costuming and acting this rôle with courtly grace, and singing well. At a repetition of the opera, this rôle was taken by Gilly, who sang it with much more freedom but did not act it in so noble or dignified a manner. Bella Alten was the Page Urbain, a rôle usually sung by a contralto but really heard to much better effect when sung by a soprano, as Bella Alten proved. But she lacked dignity. Rothier was a conventional Saint-Bris. Didur was the greatest disappointment, singing Marcel quite inadequately. Polacco conducted ably and lent as much interest as possible to this threadbare score, always excepting the fourth act which still throbs with emotional intensity. But the performance was too long to be enjoyed at its fullest, lasting four hours.

Frieda Hempel was heard a few nights later in a second rôle, Rosina in "The Barber of Seville," which was revived after three years of neglect. She showed slight improvement in the quality of her high notes and held forth the hope that in a few weeks this voice would measure up to its European reputation. At the same performance Umberto Macnez, new Italian tenor, made his New York début, singing Almaviva and proving that he was possessed of a voice of extraordinary flexibility and lightness and of pleasing quality. It may have been that he was nervous, for the volume of his voice disappointed his hearers. He has good stage presence and should prove valuable in this ensemble. Amato sang Figaro on this occasion, for which part he appeared to be vocally a bit logy, but it was the first time in his career that he had essayed it, so future performances

(Continued on page x)

Photos Gilbert & Bacon

No 1. Joe Manning (Joseph Tuohy), Asche Kayton (Robert Hilliard), Mary Masuret (Stella Archer). Act I. Detective Kayton secures Mary's finger prints. No. 2. Stella Archer and Robert Hilliard. Act II. Detective Kayton explains to Miss Masuret the workings of the dictograph. No. 3. Detective Asche Kayton who solves the mystery of "The Argyle Case." No. 4. Act IV. Detective Kayton accuses Mrs. Martin (Selene Johnson) of having been present at the murder of Mr. Argyle. No. 5. Robert Hilliard and Stella Archer. Act IV. Detective Kayton busy on his most urgent case.

SCENES IN "THE ARGYLE CASE," NOW BEING PRESENTED AT THE CRITERION THEATRE

Oliver Morosco—A Manager Who Looks Ahead

A FEW weeks ago when a splendid new playhouse was opened in New York with a new star and a new play there was great enthusiasm after the second act. The first audience wanted very probably to see the author, or, at all events, someone who was behind the achievement. No one appeared for many encores except the members of the cast. Finally, after a pause, the curtain went up to discover the star walking in from the wings, escorted by a well-built man, erect, of middle height and less than middle age, clean shaven and with a bright expression and buoyant manner. He stepped to the footlights to explain himself.

"I am only the producer," he said.

He was Oliver Morosco, the California manager and perhaps the most prominent theatrical figure on the West Coast.

The audience applauded feebly. The speaker was new to them. Only a few in the auditorium had any idea that they were looking at a man who would very probably occupy a large and important place in the theatrical future of New York. The program explained that he was presenting "Peg o' My Heart," but it did not say that he owned a half interest in the new playhouse, nor did it give an inkling of the things he has planned to do in and for New York.

OLIVER MOROSCO

"I am only the producer. If you like our little play to-night I hope you will let me come again."

The speech was like the man and his methods. No display of personality, no sensations, no heralding of coming events. The determination, courage and sane judgment that are behind his modest manner and alert expression only those who have been associated with him can describe.

Oliver Morosco has come to New York to stay. There can be very little doubt of that. And when his plans for New York are known there will be a general desire on the part of playgoers to have him do so.

The general theatrical scheme which he is at present working over is almost a transcontinental one with a focus in New York. The West Coast end of it is already completed. Oliver Morosco has just built a playhouse in Los Angeles. Its opening date is January 6th, and its name the Morosco Theatre. This is the fifth playhouse belonging to the enterprising manager in Los Angeles, and it is the culmination of his plan for making the little California city an important producing centre.

For years he has been producing plays at his other Los Angeles theatres. He began by importing plays from the East here, but the number of good ones was too limited. He decided to discover new playwrights and supply the audiences, which had come to him for regular and well-staged amusement, with plays that had never been seen by any other audiences. The city of 400,000 people soon became a city of theatregoers, who often support a play that pleases them for as long as a ten-week run. Many of these plays have been bought by Eastern managers and produced in New York. One of them, called "Juanita San Juan," was produced for a long run in New York under the name of "The Rose of the Rancho," by David Belasco. "The Spendthrift" was also originally a Morosco production, as were "Kindling," "The Arab" and "The Country Boy."

Although this making a specialty of finding and producing new plays has been one of Oliver Morosco's chief interests at his famous Burbank Theatre in Los Angeles, his new theatre there is to be devoted to this purpose alone. It is to be in a sense a garden for the cultivation of the drama, the flowers from which are to be sent to New York. As a producing house for the exploitation of new plays only, it will be unique in America, and, as far as is known, in the world.

A stock company, chosen with the greatest care, will present these new plays. In selecting his players the young manager has tried to collect a company that will have the balance and the charm of the old Daly and Empire stocks. It will be composed, however, of a double personnel of actors. For instance, instead of one leading man there will be two, a "character" and a juvenile lead. There will be two light comedy men, two leading women, and so on through the company. George Ralph, who is now playing in "The Yellow Jacket," and who last year attracted a great deal of attention as the black slave in "Kismet," has been engaged as juvenile lead for the new Morosco company. Harry Mestayer and Robert Ober will be the comedians. Others are being engaged from day to day.

Manuscripts addressed to the Morosco Theatre, Los Angeles, will be received by a selected corps of twelve readers and given the most careful consideration possible. The manager himself is a voracious manuscript reader. He examines hundreds every week. Already, and especially since Mr. Morosco's dictum, published last spring in a New York daily, that he has no use for the "punch" play, he has been besieged with manuscript not only from American but from European playwrights.

Oliver Morosco claims that by using his new Los Angeles theatre as a producing house in his transcontinental scheme, he will have ten chances to one of success in New York, where New York managers have only one chance in ten. The method used here of producing a play in New York and then taking it out to jaunt about on the road as a means of getting it into shape, is in his estimation a confusing and unsatisfactory one. His plan is to produce a play with his permanent organization in his permanent theatre

AUDITORIUM OF THE NEW CORT THEATRE, NEW YORK CITY

Photos White

1. "What are you doing at that safe"? 2. Louise Woods as Madge Carr. 3. "I have a warrant of dispossession." 4. Nell (Mary Ryan) and Jack Doogan (Richard Bennett). The crooks at bay. 5. The sergeant of police loses his warrant.

SCENES IN CARLYLE MOORE'S FARCE "STOP THIEF" AT THE GAIETY THEATRE

before satisfactory audiences, and to continue working over it after production ,changing and strengthening it from day to day. When it is finished in every detail and has justified itself before Los Angeles audiences he will bring it to New York perfected and polished to offer for the approval of "Broadway." Although he will not send his entire stock company to present one of his plays, if an individual actor makes a hit at Los Angeles and wants to try his fate in New York, Morosco will send him on and give him his opportunity.

In this way New York will be supplied with a number of new plays each year, not plays which are rushed to production in order to fill an empty theatre, but plays that have been thoughtfully chosen, studiously worked over and carefully produced.

This is one of the manager's plans for New York, but considerable as it is, it is only one.

A second plan is to be worked out from its inception right here in this city. It is nothing less than the building of another theatre and the running of it on a profit-sharing basis. A company of players will be engaged, each one of whom will be a prominent star. They will not be paid sensational salaries, but they will have an interest in the business, they will share profits with their manager. Their names will be inscribed in the theatre and at times the most celebrated of them all will be cast for the part of a maid or a butler.

ARLINE BOLLING
Clever young actress recently seen in a leading rôle in the "Modern Eve" company in Chicago

The theatre itself will be comfortable with wide spacing and probably armchairs for seats. It will be broad and not more than fifteen rows deep, so that everyone shall be near the stage and the players will not have to raise their voices above natural pitch.

What will be offered in this theatrical paradise is not yet hinted, but Mr. Morosco has two theories about the kind of plays that should be produced. If his audiences want to see a certain dramatic work, say a Shakespeare play or a play that has won a reputation abroad, he will give it to them. That is one of his theories: a manager should give his public what it wants. His other theory concerns the kind of play he likes himself. This is the play of sentiment and poetic atmosphere with a modern appeal. The two plays he has already personally offered in New York, "The Bird of Paradise" and "Peg o' My Heart," illustrate in a measure Oliver Morosco's favorite theatrical offering. If a play contains both feeling and an opportunity for acting, the chances of its appealing to this enterprising California manager are strong.

Not that his interests are entirely limited to plays of the one sort. His recognition of "Kindling" and his coming production of a new searching play by Paul Armstrong show that he can see afield. But the "punch" play for the sake of the punch alone he will have none of.

While talking to a friend in the lobby of the Hotel Astor recently Mr. Morosco divulged the general formula he uses when selecting a play.

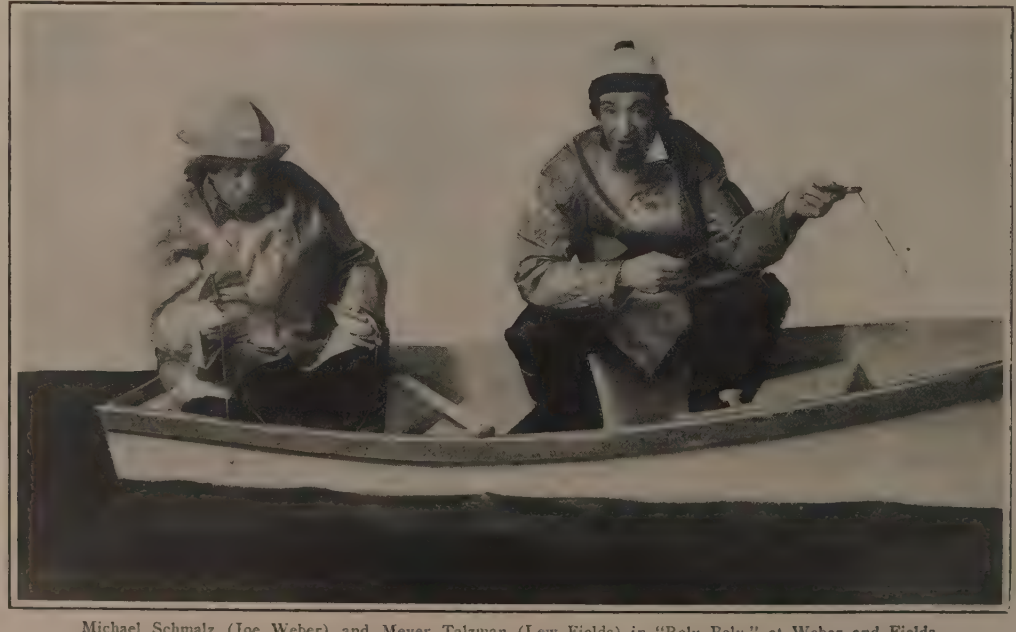
"When I am considering a manuscript for acceptance I look for certain points. In the first place, as you know, if it is a 'punch' play I rule it out, because I try to produce only plays that will live. 'Punch' plays are things of the hour. They don't live. They cannot, because they deal with some passing problem. The plays that live are those in which a dainty air of comedy prevails, or if they have tears, too, they should be the tears that are quickly followed by laughter. That is life. A person weeps over a misfortune, but in a moment or two, either consciously or unconsciously, says something funny. And people like the plays that reflect these lights and shadows of mood. That is what accounts for the deathless popularity of such plays as 'Kentucky' and 'The Old Homestead.'

"Another point I study in a play is the manner in which its comedy is worked up. Are characters dragged in to make comedy? If so, I throw the play aside. The cast must be cut down to its necessary characters and the comedy must be legitimately developed by them out of the story of the play.

"These are the main points I watch for when reading manuscript."

Oliver Morosco's success has been in great measure due to his ability to know what theatregoers want to see. He is in line with the majority of Americans in his belief in the theatre as an entertainment place and he has the innate American love of light comedy and playful sentiment.

About twenty years ago Morosco left his father's theatre in San Francisco in the atmosphere of which he had been brought up. He had had a falling out with the elder Morosco, whose life-work had been the presenting of melodrama in the cities of the West Coast. He saved $39 and going to Los Angeles secured the Burbank Theatre. He got a company together, produced a play of the type that suited him and from its first curtain rise it was a success. The great simplicity and genuine Americanism of his ideas have before this blinded people to the new and revolutionary activities of the manager who has now advanced so quietly upon New York. It is hardly realized now that he has come and that he is working out theories which are very likely to pave the way for a future American drama.



Michael Schmalz (Joe Weber) and Meyer Talzman (Lew Fields) in "Roly Poly," at Weber and Fields

Scenes in "Rutherford and Son" at The Little Theatre

Photos White

Martin (J. Cooke Beresford) Rutherford (Norman McKinnel)

Act II. Rutherford: "When men steal they do it to gain something"

Martin (J. Cooke Beresford) Janet (Edyth Olive)

Act III. Martin: "I was true to him till you looked at me wi' love in your face"

Mary (Thyrza Norman)

Rutherford (Norman McKinnel)

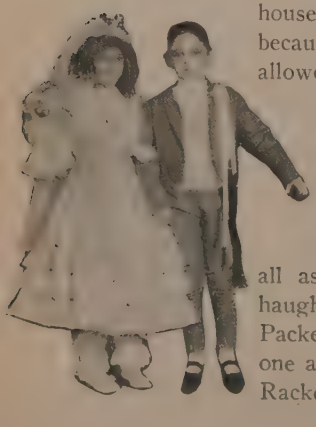
Act III. Mary: "It's for my boy. I want—a chance of life for him"

Racketty-Packetty House

THE children's play's the thing to-day. The managers in their favorite little game of "Follow the Leader," are taking their orders just now from William A. Brady, who dramatized the most popular girls' book, "Little Women," and made a Broadway success out of it. Winthrop Ames, when his turn came, put on a play for the nursery audience in producing Grimm's fairy-tale "Snow White," Belasco, in his careful avoidance of imitation, went to France for his play for the children, Mme. Rostand's "Good Little Devil," but the Lieblers, in doing their stunt in the game, went the others all one better by building a Children's Theatre before they produced their children's play.

Overlooking Central Park, New York's biggest playground, high up on the roof of the Century Theatre, the biggest of its kind in the world, is the smallest theatre in the world, built for the pleasure of the small people. Everything about it, from the hours it keeps to the size of its chairs, is planned to meet the needs of the "littlers." If you are one of the younger clan who has been very good in school all day, your Aunt Susan may take you down there some afternoon (poor Uncle John, he can't, you know, because he's a hard-working business man, who never has time to play when you have), and after you have bought your ticket from a very big man sitting inside a very small house that looks like the picture of the gate-keeper's lodge in the old English story book, do you remember?—you go up and up and up in an elevator until you arrive high in the sky somewhere in a room that looks as though it were made of gray clouds. At one end is a big curtain festooned with garlands and garlands of roses, and music that seems to come from all over everywhere, fills the air. You have just decided that this must be heaven, when Little Red Riding Hood comes up and asks you to show her your ticket—and then, of course, you know that this is fairyland. Sure enough, there's Little Bo-Peep and Miss Muffett (you're sort of glad she hasn't brought the spider) and Cinderella and the Queen of Hearts and, yes, that must be Jill, because she is carrying water. Your seats are in one of the little house-like boxes built in at the other end of the room, opposite the curtain, and bears the name of Blue Beard on the door. You're sort of scared to sit in his house, but you haven't time to think about it because the curtain goes up and there's the most extraordinary picture of a lot of bees making honey and a man—the program says he's Ben Greet, but you can't see him to be sure—telling you all about what you are supposed to be seeing. And then there are more pictures of ostriches and beavers and soldiers and other exciting and wonderful things unrolling before your eyes until a very pretty little girl comes out and promises you that now you are going to see and hear the story of the Racketty-Packetty House.

This is the story of the two doll houses that stood in Cynthia's nursery. The one was Tidyshire Castle, a gorgeous, brand-new house filled with lords and ladies which had been put into the best corner of the nursery, and the other, the Racketty-Packetty house, once just as elegant and gay, but now, because time and the Newfoundland puppy had allowed it to become all shabby and worn and torn, Cynthia had had it tucked away into a corner of disgrace in the alcove. The lords and ladies wore such beautiful clothes that they always had to be on their best behavior lest they spoil them and so they never had any fun and were all as solemn as judges. They were horribly haughty, too, and whenever they saw a Racketty-Packetty person, they sniffed so vigorously that one almost thought they had influenza. But the Racketty-Packettys didn't care. They were so happy pretending that the nothing they had was a something they wanted, and they had such fun in their rags and tatters and in that patchy old house, that nothing mattered, not even the stuck-upedness of their neighbors.



But one thing that belonged to the castle they did care about and that was Lady Patricia Vere de Vere, for she was different. She got into their house through the fault of a snobby footman, who held his nose so high, he didn't see where he was putting her the day she came back from the doll doctors. But she wasn't angry at him for his stupidity, because she straightway fell in love with all the jolly Racketty-Packettys—especially Peter Piper,—and when the cross old Duchess came to take her home, they were all very sad. It wasn't for long, however.

One fine moonlight night, Peter went over to the castle with a rope ladder Dr. Gustibus had fashioned for him and fetched Lady Patsy, as she was called in the home circle, back to his house with him. Here there was great rejoicing until the news came that Cynthia had given the Duchess and Lady Gwendolen and Lady Muriel and Lady Doris and Lord Hubert and Lord Rupert all scarlet fever and then left them raging in delirium with strong mustard plasters on their chests. The groans of the sufferers as they reached the ears of the Racketty-Packettys were so heartrending that, though they were their haughty, stuck-up neighbors, and though it was the middle of a very black night, they all got out of bed and armed with water bottles and medicine bottles and cough syrup and ipecacuanha, they went over to the castle to bring relief and good cheer.

"There's nothing cures scarlet fever like cheering up," said Peter Piper, and sure enough, it was true.

So everyone was happy—not forever after, *yet,* but until they heard that Racketty-Packetty House was to be burned in the morning, because the Princess was coming to see Cynthia and the Princess mustn't see such a shabby old doll house in the nursery. And that's just where the Fairy Queen Cross Patch comes in.

With her little green workers, she teased nurse (who because she hadn't any sense, couldn't see them, of course), undoing everything she had done so that she became so flurried and flustered that she forgot all about the old house and left it standing where it was. There the little Princess found it and she loved it, of course, just as soon as ever she saw it, and so when Cynthia said she might have it, she accepted it immediately with great joy.

So that is the way the Racketty-Packettys came to live in the Royal Palace and were all patched up again and made beautiful and dressed in silks and laces as exquisite as any the fine folk in Tidyshire Castle ever wore. Of course Peter Piper married Lady Patsy in the toy church and *then* they all lived happily ever and ever and ever after.

So that was the end of the play, but it needn't be the end of your afternoon at the Children's Theatre. On the program it says, "and then you can stroll around and peek into the little dressing rooms and watch the wheels go round, and enjoy yourself as you like till it's time to go home." If you do this, you can see little dressing rooms fitted up with tables and mirrors and books and chairs, so small that you, who can't look over the dining-room table, can use them without stretching. Swarming about, in and out of the corridors, giggling and chattering, talking and tumbling are all the little people you just saw in the play—and my, how tiny they are! They looked full grown when they were in the Racketty-Packetty House, but here—why, some of them aren't higher than Aunt

(Continued on page 15)

Scenes in "Racketty-Packetty House" at the Children's Theatre

Photos White

CYNTHIA RECEIVES A NEW DOLL'S HOUSE

RIDLIKLIS SWEPT INTO RACKETTY-PACKETTY HOUSE

Efrem Zimbalist—the Artist and the Man

THE western world looks upon Russia as a country half barbaric, of violent contrasts and crude products; it sometimes neglects to see that this last stronghold of despotism, this home of scientific anarchy, has proven to be one of the most prolific progenitors of genius. It is the land of Tolstoi and Dostoiewski, of Pushkin and Tschechoff, of Tourgenieff, of Tschaikowski. Russia has given us Alla Nazimova, Pavlowa, and little Lydia Lopoukowa; we are indebted to Russia and Poland for some of the greatest virtuosi of our time: Paderewski, Kubelik, Mischa Elman, and Efrem Zimbalist, the world's youngest master of the violin.

Only twenty-three years ago Zimbalist was born, not far from the shores of the Black Sea, at Rostow, the son of a modest orchestra conductor. At the age when other children dream of toys the little boy astonished his father with remarks on music that showed an extraordinarily keen insight. When he attained his twelfth birthday his craving for the development of his artistic tendencies had become so strong that his parents sent him to Saint Petersburg, where he entered the Conservatoire to study the violin under Leopard Auer.

He also joined a class of harmony and composition, and as soon as the theory of music began to reveal itself to his understanding it captivated his interest. During the six years he attended the Conservatoire he spent the best of his time in the study of it. Even now, that he has come to count among the greatest living violin virtuosi, you will find him much oftener reading and writing music than practicing on his instrument.

Mishkin

EFREM ZIMBALIST
The world's youngest master of the violin

"What a fascinating thing it is," he said the other day, "to feel growing in your mind the knowledge of all the 'hows' and 'whys' of music! It is so much greater and more interesting than the perfecting of one's execution. At the Conservatoire I devoted much less time to practice than to theoretical study. Whenever I hear now people give me credit for good technique I always wonder how it came to me. I suppose it is simply a question of nimble fingers."

When, at the age of eighteen, he had graduated from the Petersburg Conservatoire, he went to Berlin to give his first two violin recitals. He scorned any suggestion of self-advertisement, and the first of the two recitals, announced in the quietest way possible, was attended by the critics and a small number of music-lovers who had come on the strength of the program. The boy-virtuoso's success was instantaneous. For the second recital the great hall of the "Philharmonie" was packed, and this Berlin concert audience, the most *blasé* and critical in the world, rose in hot-blooded enthusiasm.

Since then he has gained recognition of the highest order in all the musical centres of Europe and of this country. His Carnegie Hall audiences have given him their most enthusiastic tribute of applause; but nothing will efface in him the memory of that first triumph won in Berlin.

"I love it," he says, "because it spurred me on toward greater efforts and higher achievements. What the Berlin critics said about one or two of my own little compositions gave me courage to continue expressing myself musically. It makes me happy to interpret on my Stradivarius the thoughts of giants such as Beethoven, Bach, Liszt; but, although I feel as if I could never find in my own soul anything to compare with the least inspired phrases of the great composers, still I take my keenest delight in creative work, however humble it may be. I began composing when I was quite a child. The other day I found a melody I had written at the age of fourteen to one of Pushkin's Cossack songs. Its quality gave me an agreeable surprise, and I think I shall have it published. Aside from songs, character dances and other short pieces, I have published a *'Suite in alter Form'* for piano and violin; and there is somewhere among my papers a concerto for orchestra and 'cello, which you may hear my younger brother play some time in the near future. I am very fond of modern music and always endeavor to bring new things before the public. Sometimes they are not accepted favorably at first, but the pieces that I consider really fine I intend to play and play again, until they win just recognition. I have succeeded with a few compositions by Cyril Scott, of which a New York critic wrote not long ago: 'We did not think much of them last year, but, by repeating them, Zimbalist makes us like them.' Now I am trying to do the same for John Powell's *concerto in E major*, which I think is brilliant and interesting. Yes, some of our contemporaries have composed such music as will make them rank with the best of the old masters. Think of the wonderful works we owe to the gigantic mind of Richard Strauss, whose *sonata for piano and violin* (*op. 15*) is one of the great things in music. Think of Debussy, his strangely fantastically charming tone poems, his 'Pélléas et Mélisande,' which, combined with Maeterlinck's text, leaves you the impression of having taken a deep draft of perfect poetry. Never was there, to my judgment, a more harmonious collaboration between poet and musician than that between Maeterlinck and Debussy. Their thoughts and feelings are as intimately related as their mediums and they work synchronously and in beautiful harmony."

Zimbalist's appreciation of modern composers does in no way diminish his veneration for the old masters. Testimony to this is borne by a collection of autographs that cover the walls of his New York study, framed between two panes of glass. He shows them proudly to his visitors: a sheet of music by Liszt; letters from Robert Schumann, Rossini, Meyerbeer, Spohr, de Bériot, Vieuxtemps, and one from Paganini.

"And I have many more at my house in London. But the other day I met with a sad disappointment. I had found in a little New York shop a manuscript by Beethoven. I did not have enough money with me to pay for it, and had to go to the bank to get some. When I returned, an hour later, the manuscript was sold."

He is a devout worshiper of Beethoven.

"Of course, I know that he lived, that he was a man, but I can't believe it! Some of his music, one concerto for piano especially, is so superhuman, so far above the reach of human understanding, and yet so divinely simple and clear, that I can find nothing in me to respond to it but tears.

F. C. Fay.

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LUCIA FORNAROLI, *DANSEUSE* AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

The Green Coat

MODERN French satirists, of whom Robert de Flers and G. A. de Caillavet have been the most applauded, spare none of the time-honored institutions of art and literature. Not so long ago it would have been sacrilege to put on the stage the sacred "Academy," and authors who dared to laugh at the Comédie or the Beaux Arts would have written themselves down barbarians. Daudet began the disillusioning process in "L'Immortel," and the lively collaborators named above have followed his lead by poking fun at the Beaux Arts in "Le Bois Sacré," a success of two seasons ago, and again in their latest play "L'Habit Vert," produced at the Variétés near the close of November, they have driven the wedge of satire still further in.

"The Green Coat" is a little difficult to class, but it may be defined as a satirical fantasy. The argument chosen by the authors is only a thread on which they string their witty sayings and clever situations. They treat their subject with a cavalier lightness which, it must be supposed, will worry the members of the French Institute even more than the degrading fact that it has been put upon the stage at all. The Duke of Mauleuvrier, senator from Calvados, member of the Académie Française and one of the greatest names in France, is the champion of all the prejudices and traditions of the past. He has sacrificed himself so far to the modern spirit by marrying a sentimental American lady possessed of an enormous fortune. The Duchess cannot adapt herself to the manners of a chatelaine of the eighteenth century, and especially to conjugal solitude *à deux*.

White

MARGUERITE SKIRVIN
Recently seen as Betsy Blake in "What Ails You"

One fine day chance put in her path at an opportune moment Count Hubert de Latour-Latour. He is a splendid specimen of masculinity, trained in all sports, and of book learning deliciously ignorant. Yet he becomes a candidate for admission to the Academy. How? In precisely the same way in which his ancestor, at twenty-four years of age, became Archbishop of Bordeaux. That Latour-Latour, who served in the dragoons and scarcely knew a church from a library, was surprised by Louis XIV. at the feet of the Montespan. The illustrious marquise kept her head and said to the King that M. de Latour-Latour was beseeching on his knees for the archbishopric of Bordeaux, whereupon Louis immediately appointed him to that sacred office.

In the case of Hubert history repeated itself; discovered making deep love to the Duchess he was saved by a young woman's presence of mind, a certain Brigitte Touchard, who is the Duke's secretary, filing his historical papers and keeping his archives in order. Nobody is as familiar as she is with the anecdotes of the old families, and, remembering the archepiscopal episode of the Latour-Latour history, she explains to the Duke that at the moment of his ill-timed appearance M. de Latour-Latour was soliciting the interest of the Duchess upon his candidature for the Academy.

The Duke, relieved of his jealousy, warmly espouses this candidacy. Hubert arrives triumphantly at a seat among the Forty; his lack of everything which should pertain to a reasonable candidate insures his election.

As he is the work, the creation of clever and pretty Brigitte, she naturally falls in love with the new academician; she assists, nay prepares, his speech of installation, that "discours" which has been for so many years the crowning literary effort of so many famous men. All goes swimmingly until the Duke, on rising to respond to Latour-Latour's speech, finds among the pages of his address a letter quite foreign to it. This letter begins: "Coco, my dear Coco." The letter is in the handwriting of the Duchess and is addressed to the new academician. There is a chance for a great scandal, a scene unprecedented under the dome of the Academy; the Duke at first is minded to speak out and drive the impostor from the temple. But the traditions of the place are stronger than his passions; with an effort he masters these and finishes his oration.

It was foreordained that Brigitte (played by Eva Lavallière with irrisistible *espièglerie*), who makes most of the trouble and much of the comedy, should win for her own the man for whom she had taken so much pains. The American Duchess, as a decorative Duchess, absolutely un-American, was played with spirit by Jeanne Granier, who made so great a rôle of the authoress in "Le Bois Sacré." In the new play she has not an equal opportunity.

In Act II. occurs a scene which demonstrates the satirical fantasy as well as anything in the play. It shows the Duke of Mauleuvrier at his home with Baron Bénin and General Rousay des Charmilles, his colleagues at the Academy. They receive a visit from Pinchet, who has been secretary of the Institute for three generations. The gentlemen discuss the coming election of an academician.

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MME. EMMY DESTINN AS PAMINA IN "THE MAGIC FLUTE"

The Duke: Sit down, Monsieur Pinchet. Are there any other candidates to succeed Curlet-Brezin?

Pinchet: Alas! no, your Grace. It's the same old story—the five candidates that you know—the same perpetual candidates.

The Duke: We must reinforce these by others, or interest will die out of the election.

Benin: I thought they spoke of General Baringer?

The General (excited): Ah, no; no general! One general at the Academy—yes; two would turn it into a war office.

The Duke: My dear friends, this situation is serious.

Pinchet: Worse, it is grave!

The Duke: Why do you say that?

Benin: What has happened? Explain.

Pinchet: I will, since you do me the honor to interrogate me—but no, I dare not.

The Duke: Speak! speak!

Pinchet: Permit me, then, to tell you, very respectfully, that for a long time I have not been satisfied with the Academy.

Benin: What's that you say?

Pinchet: The spirit that is creeping in insensibly—little details, innovations. Another might not remark them, but I—Secretary for three generations—I remark them, and I am disturbed—I am afflicted.

Benin: Be precise.

Pinchet: I will try. Last Thursday was a date in our history. You did not assist, gentlemen, at the séance which was consecrated to the Dictionary. The three Academicians who were present discussed it in a very interesting way—very profoundly. In the midst of the discussion your colleague, M. Rebeillard, arrived—oh, in what a state!

Benin: Was he drunk?

Pinchet: If it had been only that! There are precedents for that. No, gentlemen; Rebeillard came into the hall of the Academy in tan shoes!

Benin: Tan shoes?

Pinchet: Yes, Monsieur the Duke, in tan shoes. Never have I seen the like. But that is only one of the little things that indicate demoralization. Another—you know M. Poudrier, professor of religious history at the College of France, who succeeded to the seat of M. de Vieil-Castel?

The Duke: Of course.

Pinchet: He is going to have a baby!

Benin: What! He?

Pinchet (sadly): His wife is. A disaster, gentlemen, a disaster! Formerly when a man had arrived at the honor of the Academy he had no more children; he stopped all such follies!

The Duke: It's indecent.

Pinchet: Another symptom, quite confidential, one of our members, elected a long time ago, recently surprised his wife—you know!

Benin: Hear, hear!

The Duke: Come, now. Have you nothing more interesting to tell me?

Pinchet: I know, but this happened on a Monday night—a Monday!

Benin: Well?

Pinchet: I tell you it is something unique, hitherto unheard of. For three hundred years when a member of the French Academy was deceived by his wife it always happened on Thursday, the night of our séance. This regularity has invested the fact with a certain respectability. It was a tradition!

Benin: And she broke it?

The Duke: Sad epoch!

Benin: To what, my dear Pinchet, do you attribute this relaxation of Academic customs?

Pinchet: To many things, to many influences.

Benin: Scepticism!

The General: Irreligion!

The Duke: Indiscriminate reading!

Pinchet: Yes, we owe our dangers to the authors—to the writers of fiction—to dramatists. Beware of them!

Benin: Then for our candidates we must fall back on the historians.

Pinchet: How can we? To-day the historians all write a kind of romance.

The Duke: On men of the world, then?

Pinchet: Men of the world make all the history.

The Duke: It is frightful!

Benin: What do you consider the ideal candidate?

Pinchet: The ideal candidate for the Academy is he who has done nothing, who has not yielded to the mania of authorship, that has destroyed so many remarkable men; it is he whom nobody knows, and who on entering the Academy will owe everything to it, for the Academy can gain nothing from him. That is beautiful, for thus alone shall we preserve a noble institution!

White

HELEN LOWELL

Now appearing as Sophie Brush in "The Red Petticoat"

"The Green Coat" won an instant success in Paris chiefly on account of this and similar scenes characterized by amusing criticisms of the Institute. Because Frenchmen laugh with these comedy writers at their Academy it by no means follows that they are not proud of its history and traditions. Other countries have similar institutions hidebound by custom to the point of ridicule and this may make universal an otherwise strictly Parisian satire.

WILLIS STEELL.

Photo Strauss-Peyton

VERA FINLAY
Recently seen as Emily Martin in "Our Wives" at the Gaiety Theatre

In Sudermann's "Johannisfeuer"

As Shylock

Rudolf Schildkraut

As King Lear

Rudolf Schildkraut—Character Actor

THE public, as a rule, takes more interest in female than in male artists of the stage. Especially so when they are foreigners. There is scarcely an American who is unfamiliar with almost every phase of Sarah Bernhardt's career. Signora Duse, Réjane, Terry, are all household names with us. We have adopted Nazimova quite and Madame Simone almost. But Coquelin? Oh yes, he came here once, with the great Sarah. Novelli? Orlenieff? East side audiences are interested in them. Possart? The un-Americanized Germans went to the Irving Place Theatre to see him. So did they for Rudolf Schildkraut, while he was playing there, two years ago. But few Americans have ever heard of this last-named artist, and yet an important firm of American managers has made a tempting offer to this greatest of all German character actors to play Shylock in English on Broadway next season. Warfield, it is said, will be seen in "The Merchant of Venice" about the same time. It will be interesting to compare both performances.

In "Gott der Rache"

The present writer found Schildkraut the other day in his comfortable dressing room at Sarah Adler's Novelty Theatre, Brooklyn, resting between matinée and evening performance of an interesting play in the Yiddish jargon, the idea of which takes its source in one of Roberto Bracco's one-act dramas. The actor offered me a seat, a glass of tea *à la Russe* and a cigarette, his face all curiosity to know how in the world an American interviewer could have found him there. I myself thought it far more interesting to ask him how he had gotten there.

"Quite simply," he began in English, speaking rather slowly and seeking his words, but without any of that dreaded, hard German accent. "After my engagement at the Irving Place Theatre, I received offers from Yiddish managers, and I accepted them, because they gave me time and a chance to learn English and prepare for the English-speaking stage. I did not want to return to Germany. A disagreement between my manager, Prof. Max Reinhardt, and myself had made me come to your country, and when I saw the great opportunities it might offer to my boy, who is now a senior member of the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, I decided to check my roaming disposition and remain here. Shall I ever be able to gain the attention of Broadway audiences? I sincerely hope so, I work hard for it, although I am rather timid about it. But my American friends give me so much encouragement! I think every artist needs that.

"My aim is to move the American public with my interpretation of Shakespearean and other characters, as I have moved the people of other countries—as I was fortunate enough to move Mr. Belasco, who came down to the East Side one night of last summer and whose words of appreciation for my Shylock I shall never forget."

"Are you preparing to play Shylock in English?"

"Yes, Shylock and King Lear, and also a modern drama. You see, the teacher I am studying with has great ambition for me," he added smilingly. "My young son will play with me, for by the time I am ready he will have graduated from the Academy, and the splendid training he is receiving there from teachers who are artists will have fitted him well for serious, conscientious work by my side."

"What are the principal rôles that have won you such high recognition from the

(*Continued on page vi*)

In "Caprice Mortale"

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SIGNOR CARUSO AS DES GRIEUX IN "MANON LESCAUT"

Annie Russell and Her Unique Venture

ANNIE RUSSELL is like the scent of lavender. She is a reminder of rare old lace, or the strain of a sweet, old-fashioned ballad of love. She is girlhood embalmed in imperishable amber. Quaintness, sweetness and youth that persists are the three attributes that give her unlikeness to anyone else on the American stage. They, and other qualities, the greatest of which is restraint, caused a cold-eyed, even-pulsed British critic to guide his pen-point in the fashioning of the sentence, "She is the Duse of the English-speaking stage."

Poetry, pathos and pensiveness are an inherent part of her personality, inseparable from her as the scent from the violet. Delicacy of perception, an exquisite sensibility to the finest, most elusive things of life and the drama, are hers in greater degree than anyone who comes before the curtain. These being her undisputed possessions it is fitting that by her was made the experiment which managers, bulwarked by a million or two of dollars, have contemplated, have fondly considered and have reluctantly relinquished.

"I want to do the old comedies," David Belasco said once with a sigh at thought of attacking a new play, either his own or that of someone else so made over and Belasco-stamped that the author, bewildered, gasped in a so-called curtain speech: "I take credit only for the idea, Mr. Belasco has done all the rest." Yet, season after season, the new was announced instead of the old. Mr. Belasco would have done the old comedies, but he couldn't, for he had a prescient sense that his public wanted from him, not the new, but the old.

Lydia Languish (Annie Russell) and Bob Acres (George Giddens) in "The Rivals"

Yet, where doughty and distinguished managers feared to enter, Annie Russell, slim, girlish, wistful, went. She leased the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre in New York, secured subscriptions from her faithful patrons, fine old relics of the Knickerbocker age in New York, persons who do not go to the theatre any more save when Annie Russell plays, because her presence is to them a guaranty against vulgarity. The responses encouraged her to inaugurate a midwinter season. She opened with "She Stoops to Conquer," which was succeeded by "Much Ado," following this with "The Rivals," and each week of nine she gave one of the delightful old laughter-makers by masters of mirth.

It was an intrepid adventure. The perennially girlish actress manager knew this, but with the gaming spirit of the player, she said:

"I've put every dollar I have into it. But it's worth it to for once have my own way, to act as I like, direct as I like, without restrictions or hindrance."

She laughed, with the glee of a schoolgirl playing truant, her hair shining in the sunshine and ruffled by the free wind, her feet scarcely touching the ground as she fled from duty.

She had come upon the stage at a morning rehearsal, a slight figure clad in brown from head to foot, the brown velvet hat smart but inconspicuous, the brown broadcloth suit well cut but not obtrusive. As she flitted among the players, conferring with her husband, Oswald Yorke, lately seen as the bachelor friend of Anatol at The Little Theatre, but who attended his wife's rehearsals to help when he can, directing the prompter at his seat at the table, nodding and smiling at the other actresses in the cast, receiving the obeisances of the actors, she seemed, as she always does, on the stage, a human watercolor, of delicate tints and subtle shadings. Her voice, even when she said to her maid, who was plucking at her sleeve, "Go away, Dora," was the voice of a gentle girl.

We talked of girlhood when a few minutes later we met in the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre's green room. "There is no need for the spirit to ever grow old," she said in that convincing voice. "Everyone can keep the essence of youth if she tries. It is a matter of looking at everything from the point of view of a girl, and even in times of greatest anguish that spirit saves and heals. I have known as great agony as can come into any life, but the spirit and vision of youth have conquered it.

"I have been on the stage since I was seven."

"The right age to go on, isn't it?"

"Yes; I think so. Although I put three women on the stage when they were as old as I am now and they became successful. They were Mrs. Clara Bloodgood, Mrs. Sarah Cowell Lemoyne and Mrs. Harriet Otis Dellenbaugh. Mrs. Lemoyne had been a teacher and had had a little experience ten years before, but Mrs. Clara Bloodgood had had none at all. Of course they were unusually well equipped."

"Your brother isn't of your opinion, I fancy. The Tommy Russell, who was the sweetest of Little Lord Fauntleroys is a business man, a broker, isn't he?"

"No. He is in the insurance business. But I don't think he should have left the stage, and I don't believe he has permanently left it. His stage experience spoiled him as a business man, and his leaving has put him back as an actor. I believe that having adopted the stage one should remain on it to the end."

"And the end is——"

"Not retiring in their prime as so many actresses are doing, or talking of doing. I think it should be the end of all things."

"Then you intend to play all your life?"

Annie Russell bowed a graceful, reverent head.

Captain Jack Absolute (Frank Reicher) Lydia Languish (Annie Russell) Bob Acres (George Giddens)

Act V. Captain Absolute: "Come on then, sir"

SCENE IN ANNIE RUSSELL'S PRODUCTION OF "THE RIVALS"

Photo White

ANNIE RUSSELL AS BEATRICE IN "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING"

Bangs

FRITZI VON BUSING
Playing Ilka, the prima donna rôle in "The Merry Countess"

"I will play as long as they will let me. I said in a paper I read before my club, the Cosmopolitan, that the actress is born, then made, and I believe she owes to the influences that fashioned her before birth and after, to remain in the player's profession as long as she lives or the public wants her.

"It is a very hard life. I heard Mrs. Kendal say that it is like a prize fight. Certainly, one is always hitting out at the punching bags of difficulties. One of them is personal criticism. For instance, it took a long time to recover from a sentence which one of the greatest American critics bestowed gratis upon me after I had played Elaine in 'The Lilly Maid of Astalot.' I had done my best. I had poured into the part all the poetry I could. I had given every ounce of energy and every pulse and thought, for weeks, and I sat up all night after the performance to read what this critic, William Winter, should say of me, and I read: 'An adventuress need not be a bundle of skin and bones. like Annie Russell.' "

"What should be the standard of criticism?"

"I think a critic should know the work that is being produced, especially if it be an old one, so that he will be competent to criticise it, and he should consider how that work is reflected through the medium of the artist's personality. He should not, because he has always seen a comedy part played by a large woman, say the small one is not adapted to it. Perhaps the author had in mind a little woman. If the critic knows the work he will know whether this is true. Then a critic should consider the player's conception of the part. She may have a new conception of it and she may be right. Tradition is not infallible."

"Of course women ask your advice about going on the stage."

"Oh, yes. They clasp their hands and raise their eyes to heaven and say, 'Oh, Miss Russell, I know that I could act.' I try to tell them gently that there is a great difference between the desire to act and the ability to act. When they ask me about going on the stage I always say, 'Don't,' and I explain the discomforts of travel, the lack of a chance to take root anywhere, the transient character of our work and success."

"When girls have temperament and intelligence what do you advise them to take up as a substitute for the stage?"

"The profession of being a woman. They will have every opportunity as a wife and mother and friend and home-keeper to reflect all the beauty in them and to inspire other lives."

"You have been true to your ideas and ideals of the stage."

"I have always tried to reflect all of beauty and poetry there is in a character. I have had many offers to play a wicked character, but I have never played other than a spiritually good woman. Sue was such a woman. She was the victim of circumstances."

"It was when you played Sue in London they called you the 'Duse of America'?"

"The Duse of the English-speaking stage," she corrected with the pride of the honor girl of her class. "Of course, that made me very happy, for while I consider Sarah Bernhardt the greatest actress in the world, Signora Duse is the greatest artist."

And the slim brown figure flitted back to rehearsals.

ADA PATTERSON.

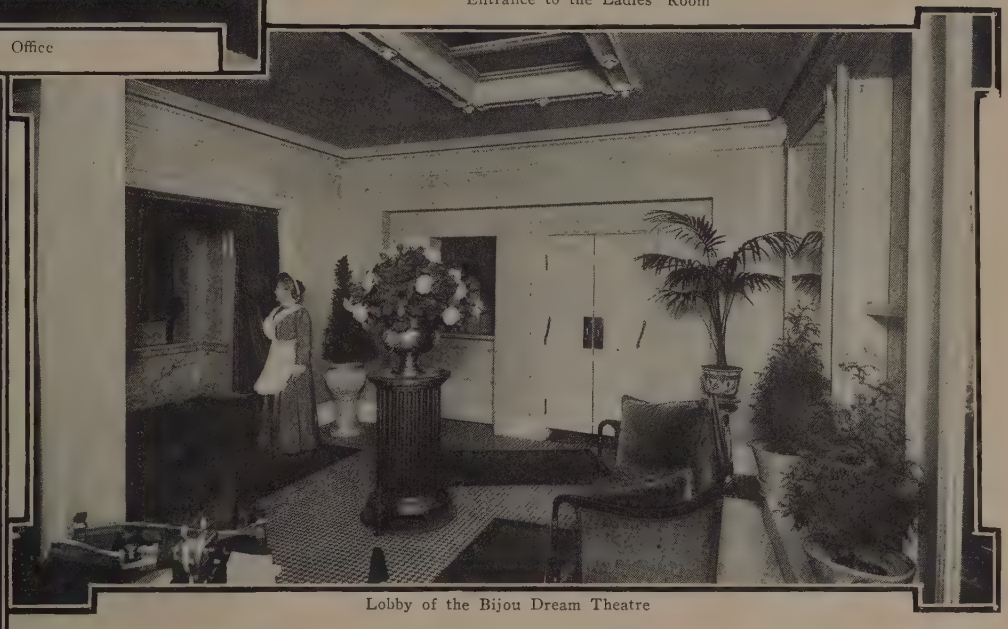
Bangs

FRITZ LEIBER
Appearing with Robert Mantell in Shakespearian repertoire

Josephine Clement in her Office

Entrance to the Ladies' Room

Entrance of the Bijou Dream



Lobby of the Bijou Dream Theatre

Boston's Model Moving Picture Theatre

CAN a moving picture place be run on the same elaborate, aristocratic lines as a first-class theatre?

Josephine Clement, manager of the Bijou Dream of Boston, has proved that it can. Mrs. Clement is well known as an authority on "human uplift" problems. She is the wife of Edward H. Clement, for years the editor of the Boston *Transcript*, now retired and contributing "The Listener" to that paper. She is a member of many of the exclusive clubs of the Hub and frequently opens her Brookline home for a musical or a literary entertainment, the proceeds to go to some charity, at which the lecture or music is contributed by the artists appearing at the Bijou Dream.

When Mrs. Clement assumed the management of the Bijou Dream in July, 1908, it had been running as a ten-cent house since the previous February. The entertainment offered had been of the regulation sort—moving pictures, illustrated songs to the accompaniment of a bangy piano, and a perfunctory travel lecture which seemed to act as a signal for everybody to get out. As Mrs. Clement approved of ten-minute lectures on worth-while subjects, she first turned her attention to the lack of interest those on the program created. She discovered that the trouble lay in the stupid treatment of the subject and the dull way in which it was presented. To remedy this defect she sought out trained lecturers, experts in their subjects, and she called the ten minutes each agreed to give four times a day for a week "Camera Chats," which name is attractive in itself. During these four years there has been scarcely one expert who has come to Boston who has not been captured by Mrs. Clement and a week contract signed.

Next she turned her attention to the moving pictures. She cut out all those that were over-stimulating, "boozy" or just inane. She chose only those which held a telling story combined with competent acting and good photography. Many of the pictures passed by the Board of Censorship are thrown down by Mrs. Clement, not because they are immoral, but because they are merely useless. She selects her educational pictures first, then she sprinkles in enough humorous ones to relieve the monotony. But even the humor must be substantial—not mere horse-play.

After the lectures and the pictures, she turned her attention to the music. She first did away with "traps" and drums. She bought a new high-grade piano which she keeps perpetually in tune. She secured three competent pianists whom she forbade to play the lower grades of music. Mostly she designates the selections herself, choosing a range which is neither so elevated as to bore the unskilled listener nor so commonplace as to distress a trained ear.

It was not so easy, however, to secure adequate singers at salaries a ten-cent show would warrant. To get around this difficulty, Mrs. Clement inaugurated her "Try-out Wednesday," which is known among amateurs all over the country. She is then "at home" in her mahogany office at the Bijou Dream to anyone who thinks he or she has a voice. She refuses no one a hearing. Many an amateur has passed through "Try-out Wednesday" onto the stage of the Bijou Dream—thereby gaining confidence in herself and her powers that has later carried her triumphantly through a more exacting "try-out" by a less considerate judge.

It was not until the beginning of the second year, after "Standing Room Only" had to be

(Continued on page viii)

How Success First Came to Edwin Booth

Edwin Booth at 16

EDWIN BOOTH went to California in 1852, an ambitious, handsome boy, and at the Jenny Lind Theatre in San Francisco appeared in the company supporting his celebrated father, Junius Brutus Booth. It was during this engagement that the young actor, together with his father and brother, "took a benefit," and it being Edwin's first appearance on such an occasion, the event was of great importance to him. The play produced was Otway's "Venice Preserved," the elder Booth playing Pierre while Edwin played Jaffier.

It had been the custom to dress Jaffier in a black velvet tunic, in a fashion not unlike to Hamlet's traditional garb. Seeing Edwin in that dress, his father, in one of his grave, pathetic moods, looked at him for a long time, curiously and sadly, and at last said:

"You *look* like Hamlet, why don't you play it?"

"Perhaps I may sometime," replied the young actor, "if I should ever have another benefit."

The scene and the words he uttered came vividly back upon his memory in after days, when the opportunity arose for him to play Hamlet, and when, in fulfillment of this implied pledge to his father, he acted the part, which proved the chief means of his development, his fortune and his fame.

After the departure of Junius Brutus Booth for the East in October, 1852, Edwin lingered about San Francisco waiting for an engagement, which he got presently from D. M. Waller, who was about to begin a starring tour in the mining country. Grass Valley and Nevada City were to be their chief strongholds, and it was in the former town that Edwin first played Iago.

The enterprise was most unfortunate from the beginning and the party encountered storms, disappointments and disasters. Hemmed in by a terrible snow-storm at Grass Valley, the wandering players were brought to the very verge of starvation. Days passed in this prison in the mountains and food sold at famine prices. Already lonely and disheartened young Edwin Booth received one stormy night the news of his father's death on a Mississippi River steamer en route from New Orleans to Cincinnati. The tidings were brought by a hardy and adventurous mail carrier who managed to burst through the snow blockade with letters from the outer world.

How to get to his brother Junius, who was living in San Francisco, became now a serious problem to young Booth. There was no sort of conveyance out of Grass Valley. The nearest town was Marysville, fifty miles away. The snow lay thick and heavy upon the mountain trails. In this desperate dilemma, Booth chanced to overhear the talk of a group of men at a street corner, who spoke of their design to walk out of the town rather than stay there and starve. The men were rough and their project was full of peril, but the plan they announced opened the sole road to deliverance, and the actor instantly joined fortunes with the adventurers. Each man contributed what he could to the common purse and larder; a chief was chosen, and the expedition set forth. Their journey to Marysville consumed two days and a night. They found rest occasionally at wayside cabins. Often they floundered in snow to their waists. Cold, hungry, tattered and wretched, they arrived at Marysville, and scattered to their several destinations.

Booth, who was now penniless, borrowed enough money to pay his passage to Sacramento and thence to San Francisco, and one can imagine with what joy he at last found rest and peace in his brother's cottage on Telegraph Hill. Junius had received later news from the East, and as their mother's wants were neither many nor pressing, the sons determined to remain in California.

Soon after this Edwin became a member of a dramatic company under his brother's management, and was engaged to play "utility" parts at the San Francisco Hall. Farces and burlesques were popular at the Hall, and in these the ready and versatile player took an active part. One of his "hits" was made as Dandy Cox in a negro farce produced by the Chapman family. Another was the personation of a local character named Plume, who was so delighted at the caricature that he presented Booth with his hat, coat and gaiters. A more important "hit," however, was made by the young actor as Petruchio.

One night, for the benefit of a friend, Booth acted Richard III. The city rang with his praises on the following day and Junius urged him to take up Shakespearian plays. In consequence, Edwin undertook Shylock, which he followed with Macbeth. The result was a popular excitement unprecedented in California's dramatic life. Crowds applauded him and the press cheered him with encouraging words. Toward the close of his series of Shakespearian performances he obtained a benefit, and it was now, mindful of his father's significant suggestion, that he acted the part of Hamlet. The performance brought him crowning honors. Through all the inequality and crudeness of the impersonation the power and fire of the rising dramatic genius was recognized.

Then hard times came to the Booths, for the opening of a new theatre turned public attention elsewhere and the brothers were finally compelled to convert their theatre into a minstrel hall. This was in 1854, and Edwin, discouraged by affairs, determined to go with a stock company to Australia. It is a long story, that of his failures there and of his return journey. With three or four companions he stopped at Honolulu and remained there two months "barn-storming." They played "Richard III" and "Lady of Lyons." Booth's friend, Joe Roe, was young and handsome, and in default of a leading lady acted the part of Pauline as well as the rôle of Lady Anne. They were so poor that they all had to sleep in hammocks rigged up near the miserable shed they called a theatre. Booth himself went about and pasted posters on the fences.

After they had managed to reach San Francisco again, Booth obtained an engagement with Mrs. Edwin Forrest at the Metropolitan Theatre. His first rôle was Benedict in "Much Ado About Nothing," and presently Booth and Mrs. Forrest formed a business partnership to travel and act. Their first play was produced in Sacramento; and it was here that Edwin Booth made his first great success, winning his laurels as Raphael in "The Marble Heart." The piece was kept on every night for three weeks, an unprecedented run in the history of early California theatricals. Encouraged by this success he again tried "Hamlet," the rôle which was to earn for him the plaudits of the universe. The newspapers of that day told how the miners came from El Dorado and Placer counties, and even from Shasta, to see his performance.

Things went badly with the Forrest-Booth Company when they left Sacramento for the interior. Then the partners quarrelled and Booth was left in the foothills of the Sierra Nevada with scarcely a penny in his pocket. However, a strolling manager named Moulton had organized a company, which travelled about in a big wagon with three brass instruments played by wretched musicians to attract custom. Booth joined the troupe and rode a broncho, halting at the various towns to act.

Then he rose to the dignity of a star again, being assisted by Sacramento friends, and reappeared at the Forrest Theatre. He met with great success and was given numerous benefits. His fame quickly increased and the outer world began to clamor for him.

At San Francisco they gave him another benefit, at which he played for the first time the part of King Lear. He left for New York by the Panama steamer September 10 1856, and when he arrived in the East he found to his astonishment that he had become famous simply from the reputation he had gained in California.

RODNEY BLAKE.

ESTELLE WENTWORTH AS ELIZABETH IN "TANNHAUSER"

Miss Wentworth, who is a dramatic soprano, is a native of Chicago. She went to Europe after studying singing only a year, and made her début at the Ducal Court Opera House at Dessau in "Madama Butterfly." Her success was such that she immediately secured a three-years' engagement. She will sing in the Vienna Festival next May and in Berlin in June

An Actor with Not a Word to Speak

IN the Chinese play, "The Yellow Jacket," an actor performs an unusual feat. With not a word to speak throughout the three acts of this original and novel drama, and without the aid of a place in the story or a costume other than the plainest attire, such as is worn by the Chinese laundryman so familiar to us all, he has made of his difficult part—which in the play, as drama, is no part at all—the one big rôle in the piece.

Most actors make their reputations by repeating effectively the words placed in their mouths by playwrights. But here is an actor with a part hardly more than a stage-hand, who is more effective while silently doing nothing than many an actor is when mouthing in basso-profundo Marc Antony's oration over the body of Cæsar.

With Arthur Shaw words do not count—it is "business."

"The average actor of ability and experience never realizes how much there is in 'business' until he plays a part like this," said Mr. Shaw as he fastened his queue on his head in his dressing-room in the Fulton Theatre.

"By 'business' I mean the things other than words used by a player in creating a stage character. 'Pantomime,' perhaps, is the word I should have used. At any rate, just at present, that is what I mean by stage 'business.'

"Everyone has seen an actor spoil a scene by a movement of the hand or some other gesture made while another player was speaking. If this gesture were made to help rather than to hinder there would be a positive rather than a negative effect of pantomime.

"Pantomime is like painting, in a way. A celebrated landscape artist once told me that his success lay in knowing what to leave out of his pictures, rather than in knowing what to put into them. Pantomime depends on what you don't do, rather than on what you do. When you have nothing to say—no lines to speak—there are more than the usual opportunities for doing other things. The good pantomimist is the actor who doesn't do them.

"It is not what I do but what I don't do that counts in this play. If, instead of attending to my business, I went around the stage being funny—tantalizing the dragons on the sun-colored garments of my honorable fellow-actors—I would spoil the piece. If I took a notion to get interested in the audience the whole illusion would be lost. Or, if I were to allow myself to become interested in the play or anything save my own work as a property man, my part would fall to pieces.

"I don't dare look out into the audience with other than the blankest expressions else I come out of the picture. I don't dare do anything except loll around and pretend to do nothing in a lackadaisical way. But, in reality, I am working all the time. I have to. I have to respond to 480 cues—to anticipate everything about a minute before it happens, to hear everything without seeming to, to smoke one cigarette after another throughout the performance and act as if I liked them—in fact, to be a nonenity on a stage filled with living, talking, scheming, loving, fighting human beings. It's not the easiest job I ever had, even though I haven't a word to say.

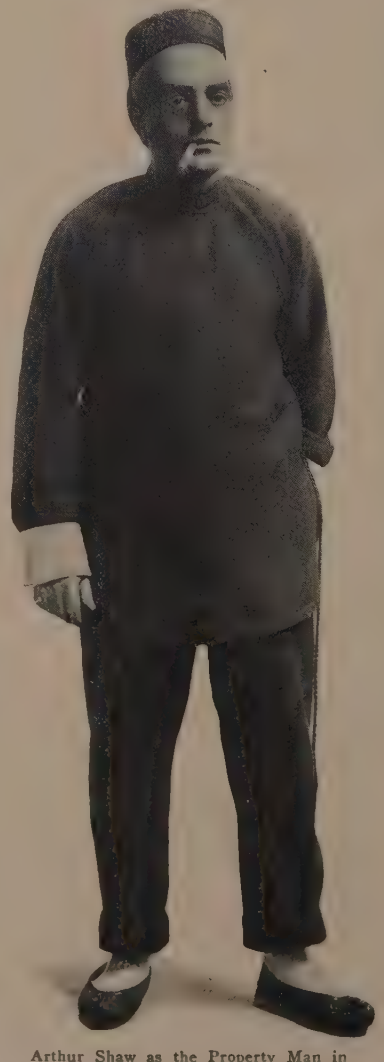
"I'm glad you dropped in, for it's seldom I get a chance to talk!" and our interview ended, as Mr. Shaw hurried out to take his place to the right of the stage—from the audience—by a large box containing the properties used in the piece. There he sits, calmly smoking his cigarette, until the occasion demands that he and his three assistants spread out on the stage a piece of brocaded cloth to represent luxurious surroundings. This he does in much the same manner as Marceline "helping" the stage-hands roll and unroll carpets on the stage. Suggesting work he does nothing.

Dressed in the plainest of Chinese clothes, in violent contrast to the splendor of the Chinese actors, he sits apart, bored to death by the speeches and episodes of the play, which he knows too well, but which he ever must keep in his mind a little ahead of their actual occurrence, performing his duties with an air of languid and mechanical indifference. No climax, no eloquence, arouses him from his state of weariness and ennui. When he is not engaged in his actual work as Property Man he reads the Chinese newspaper, the while smoking a cigarette, detached from everything.

When murder is to be done, the Property Man approaches with a weapon, and presently supplies a cushion of red stuff to represent the dissevered member. Later, when the hero would hang himself from a weeping-willow tree, he comes forward with a tall bamboo pole to which is attached a rope and noose all prepared for the act of self-murder. At another time when the August Tai Fah Min tells him to take away his horse the Property Man walks around this honorable and venerable personage, grasps an imaginary halter in his hand, and leads the imaginary steed away, only to return to his property box for a feather duster to dust off the celestial's robes as unconcernedly as if he were twirling a cigar and making dreamy smoke wreaths.

His big scene is when he walks on with a snow-storm—a handful of fine bits of paper, which he carelessly scatters about. Such a thing might seem foolish if it were not done as Shaw does it. It is his utter unconcern, his absolute naturalism, that saves the things he does from being nonsensical, and makes them suggest what they represent, stimulating the imagination of the audience.

To do these things in a bored and unconcerned manner and in such a way as not to intrude on the story or plot of the piece, nor interfere with its action—to be a part and yet not a part of the play and get what you do over the footlights when you apparently are not doing anything, and without the aid of a single spoken word, requires considerable skill as a pantomimic actor, and is unusual. This, and more, Arthur Shaw has accomplished—he has given an extraordinary piece of acting that long will be remembered.



Arthur Shaw as the Property Man in "The Yellow Jacket"

And Shaw says he learned how to act in silence and with utter unconcern when a volunteer fireman out in Michigan. He says when he plays the Property Man he goes about it just as he used to go about putting out a fire—doing his part of the work without saying a word to anybody and with no other thought in his mind.

Shaw received a good training for such a part while in college. He went to most of them, and in each played football, being a clever quarterback. His forte in the game was his ability to disappear from mix-ups, always with the "property," otherwise ball. No one ever knew where Shaw was, but all knew that wherever he was the ball was there, too. He played without regard to the others in the team, yet with them. It was this peculiar knack of his that made him score touch-down after touch-down and goal upon goal. Always, he was the same as the Chinese property man in a Chinese theatre, so when "The Yellow Jacket" came along and Shaw was invited to play the part, he went at it as he always had gone at anything—in his own care-free way, without paying any attention to anyone else, yet not working against the efforts of the whole.

WENDELL PHILLIPS DODGE.

The Playroom

Scene in "Learned Ladies," as presented at Bryn Mawr College

MRS. W. YORKE STEVENSON
One of the organizers of the society "Plays and Players"

The "Plays and Players" of Philadelphia

THAT body of talented amateurs and intelligent theatre-goers recently organized in Philadelphia under the name "Plays and Players" seem to have solved the problem of how amateur actors may best serve the public, and at the same time reserve for themselves an unusual amount of pleasure.

The club is organized on a very practical basis, with a limited membership divided into three classes, viz.: active members, associate players, and associate members. Of these three divisions the last-named are of prime importance, since it is to them the active members look for financial and appreciative support. Many of the most influential citizens of Philadelphia are among the number—men and women interested in various artistic and civic affairs who believe that the amateur actor has a mission in giving his services for charity, and also is to be encouraged in the producing of plays interesting to a limited public and therefore not always possible on the professional stage.

All the public performances given through the season are for the benefit of a worthy charity or institution; and for the selection of the particular beneficiary a committee is formed from the associate list to make the decision.

The active members number about sixty, and among them are to be found several men and women who have once played professionally, and there are others who might, with reason, have sought their fortunes in the theatre.

The associate players are those who have not yet passed the required test for active membership. They may be called upon to act as supernumeraries if occasion demands, or they may be asked to take part in a private entertainment given in the Playroom, and, having passed the test, are elevated to higher rank.

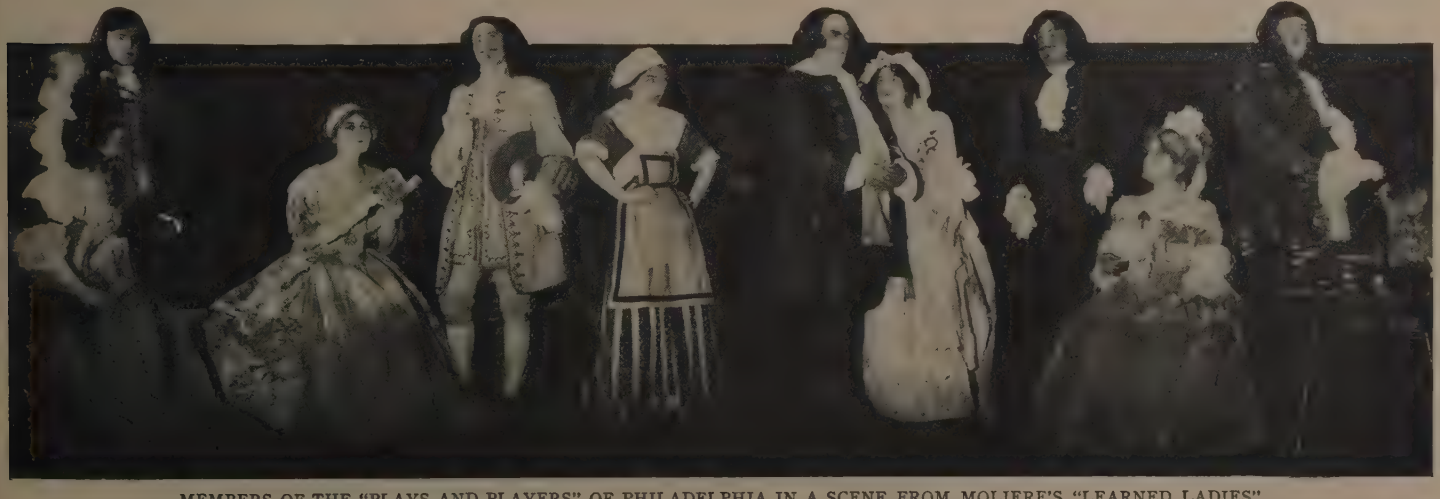
For it is in the Playroom the private, and often delightful, entertainments take place. The room is furnished with a small, but comfortable stage where one-act plays, dances, pantomimes and songs make up the programme for a club night.

The public performances of last season, their first, included such plays as Oscar Wilde's "Ideal Husband," Sudermann's "Far Away Princess," Yeats' "Shadowy Waters," Quintero's "Pepita Reyes," and Molière's "Les Femmes Savantes."

It was in the Molière comedy that the real ability of the club was shown, and faith was established that the players might be judged by a high standard. This significant performance took place in the cloister of Bryn Mawr College where "Plays and Players" had been invited to give their services for the benefit of the Students' Building Fund.

The founding of the club was the culmination of years of good acting and faithful service on the part of many Philadelphia players. But if any one person deserves special credit it is undoubtedly to Mrs. Yorke Stevenson that honors must be paid. She is a beautiful and a talented woman who might well have become professional, but she has preferred to devote her services to presenting plays for charity. Her voice is rich and clear, and she has the rare gift of reading verse well. It is perhaps for this reason she is best remembered in plays that require poetic treatment. She designs her own productions, and Philadelphians like to recall that long before "Sister Beatrice" was played professionally Mrs. Stevenson had made her own translation, produced the piece and played the leading rôle in a manner creditable to any "actress-manager."

The president of the club, J. Howard Reber, is a successful lawyer who finds recreation in acting. Both he and his beautiful wife play well, and it is to Mr. Reber's excellent judgment that the club is so well organized. The (*Continued on page vii*)



MEMBERS OF THE "PLAYS AND PLAYERS" OF PHILADELPHIA IN A SCENE FROM MOLIERE'S "LEARNED LADIES"

Behind the Scenes

THAT region "behind the scenes" is, to those who have never visited it, a place of gossip-tinted mystery. To those whose business takes them there every day or night, it is a commonplace affair, complicated only by scene-braces jutting out to trip the unwary; by recumbent or madly rushing stage-hands, and by the necessity for dodging traps, ropes and "props." But to those who make an occasional excursion behind the scenes, and who are privileged to watch the intimate working of a performance, it is a region full of human interest; the scene of many a drama or comedy not guessed at by the audience of the play itself.

An incident which left an indelible impression on at least one person who witnessed it, occurred nightly in a New York theatre during the run of a play in which the heroine was supposed to be a violiniste of marked ability. As the actress knew nothing of the instrument, the music was played "off stage" by a member of the orchestra. He was a man past middle age, stooped and fragile; his clothes gave evidence of long wear; his face was patient, almost stolid. Night after night, he stood there in the wings, in the glow of a calcium, pouring out his very soul in melody. What did it mean to him? Often one would fear that in his absorption he would forget to break off at the cue; but he never did forget. Then he would pick up his rack and move quietly away toward those mysterious depths known, it seems, only to theatre orchestras. Still, unseen by the audience, his music credited to the woman on the stage, when the spontaneous applause burst forth he had his little moment of triumph to recompense him for years of failure. At any rate, one would like to feel that he did.

From the wings, it is remarkable to study the audiences; though invisible, their presence can be heard and felt. Their temper carries over the footlights, just as that of the players is carried to them. Rustling programs, a sudden epidemic of coughing or sneezing, a ripple of laughter, or the quick intake of breath at an unexpected movement on the stage—all distinctly carry. Perhaps the most impressive thing is the absolute silence of an audience; and there seems to be something cumulative about it, for an audience of 1,000 can be, it appears, much more than twice as silent as one consisting of half that number. The peculiar effect of this tenseness of concentration on the part of a great number of human beings is especially noticeable to the watcher behind the scenes. Fortunately, these silences are seldom of long duration; the tenseness, if prolonged beyond a certain point, has caused to more than one actor an acute attack of stage-fright. And after one of these moments, an audience is prone to give way to hysterical laughter on very slight provocation.

In one play, after just such a moment, a small black cat marched out onto the stage one evening. The audience began to titter; the actors, not realizing the cause of the laughter, became nervous, and stage-hands stood in every available entrance, making the subdued noises supposed to appeal to felines. The cat, undisturbed, walked calmly about the stage, and finally, seating herself in the exact centre by the footlights, proceeded to wash her face. The audience was uncontrollable and the actors cut parts recklessly until the welcome fall of the curtain. Kitty was smuggled out of the theatre under the coat of the property-man, who thus saved all of the nine lives of his pet. Every theatre possesses a cat, and every player is obsessed with the fear that sometime the cat will spoil his or her best scene. Even Ellen Terry has had her experience of that, according to a story told by her. In the first act of "Madame Sans Gêne," one night, she was disturbed by giggles from the audience. Her first thought—as every actress's would be—was that something had gone amiss with her costume. At length she discovered the cat and continuing her scene the while, she picked it up, petted it and set it down on the first available place. She was congratulating herself on her presence of mind, when suddenly the giggles grew into a roar of mirth. Turning, she saw that she had laid the cat on the supposedly red-hot stove, beside her irons, where the animal had placidly curled up to go to sleep.

It is from the stage-hand that one may hear many tales of the vagaries of stars and of accidents humorous or tragic. He is a philosophic being, unimpressed by actors and much given to falling asleep, during acts, in any convenient or inconvenient place. From one such came this story of a certain star, now dead, who was notorious for his bad temper. (*Continued on page vii*)

ANN MURDOCK
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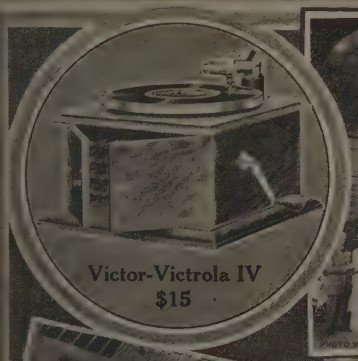

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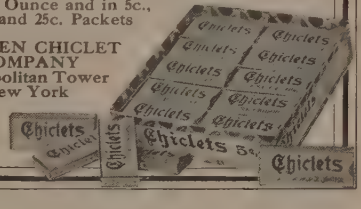
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RUDOLF SCHILDKRAUT

(*Continued from page 54*)

critical German public, so blasé in the matter of art and artists?"

"I have played many great parts, as we do in European countries where your fantastically long runs are unknown. It is hard to say which were the principal ones. In Shakespeare there were, aside from Lear and Shylock, Richard III, King John, Othello and Iago both. Among his comedy characters Falstaff, Malvolio. From the German classics I played Lessing's Nathan the Wise; Schiller's Phillip of Spain in 'Don Carlos'; Franz Moor in 'The Robbers,' and ever so many more. My Mephistopheles in Reinhardt's production of Goethe's 'Faust' gave quite a shock to the old traditionalists! Among the modern authors, many of the greatest have given me some very wonderful parts to create: Gerhardt Hauptmann, Sudermann, Halbe, Dreyer, Bahr. I played Bernstein's Samson, which Guitry created in Paris; and Zola's Coupeau in 'L'Assommoir.' Among those who write in English, I have acted in plays by Pinero and Shaw, Oscar Wilde, Synge."

"Did you not create the part of the Hunchback in 'Sumurun'?"

"Indeed I did, and, believe me, I felt it in black and blue all over me. Oh, that was a devilish experience! One of the Berlin critics called the pantomime: "Sumurun, or The Travelling Hunchback.' It was rather rough travelling! But, *que voulez-vous*, if I do a thing at all, I want to do it right. So, in this case, I had to put up with being tossed and knocked about very, very roughly."

"Which of all your parts do you prefer?"

"I love to act in any good play—drama or comedy, classic or modern—any character that is human, throbbing with human passion, human joy, human pain. My one ambition is to bring out through my acting all that lies deepest underneath the surface of a man, and to reach the innermost heart of those who watch me with the truth of it."

Here the dresser came in to warn Mr. Schildkraut that it was time to get ready for the evening performance. The man spoke Yiddish, and to my astonishment, Schildkaut answered in German.

"I do not speak the jargon," he said, excusing himself as he sat down before the long mirror over his dressing-table. "I have really never tried to learn it, because I want to give all my spare time to English. I study my parts in Yiddish, just as I would study any dialect part."

It seems to amply satisfy the Yiddish public, who pay him the most enthusiastic tribute of admiration and who dread the future that will take him away from them.

And while with the least bit of make-up and most astonishing skill he was transforming his face to that of an unmistakable old Russian, he asked.:

"Do you really think the 'difficile' Broadway public will ever listen to me, in spite of the foreign intonation I may not be able to lose so soon? Of course I hope I will, by and by, as I lost it in German. For, you know, I was not born to the German language, never heard the first word of it until I was almost a man. My cradle stood away down in the Balkans, near the Turkish-Roumanian border, in Wallachia, if that conveys anything to you. . . . And when my wife is angry with me"—here the most impish little smile you ever saw—"she always says I am nothing but an old Turk anyhow!"

F. C. F.

Maude Adams

Charles Frohman has completed a plan for the organization of a Maude Adams Stock Company. Miss Adams will take the nucleus of her stock company out of her present "Peter Pan" company, and from time to time add to this nucleus until she has an organization sufficient for her appearance in a complete cycle of Barrie plays. Miss Adams will not be seen in New York again until next Christmas. By that time she will have completed the roster of her stock company and will reappear at the Empire Theatre for a season of six months entirely given to the performance of Mr. Barrie's plays. At least three and possibly four new Barrie comedies will during that season be acted for the first time. Mr. Frohman's and Miss Adams' intention is that each play shall be acted for a certain number of weeks, regardless of its financial success. British Columbia has been added to the territory that Miss Adams will visit during the season.

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"PLAYS AND PLAYERS"

(*Continued from page 63*)

head of the play committee is Miss Emily Perkins, who has written verse and plays, and has had the satisfaction of acting in one of her own plays. She is perhaps the most versatile member of the club for she has played as many kinds of parts as Polonius enumerated of that talented troupe at Elsinore. Mrs. Jasper Yeats Brinton, the loveliest young matron of Philadelphia society, is the principal *ingenue*. Miss Sophia Norris, also prominent socially, might well have turned her talent towards the professional stage. The best comedians of the club, Charles J. Mitchell and J. J. Gould, are well-known illustrators.

Maud Durbin, who is Mrs. Otis Skinner in private life, was the club's first president, but resigned after the organization was well established, but still remains a member of the advisory board.

BEHIND THE SCENES

(*Continued from page 64*)

The star was playing in a Middle West town, where the stage and the "apron" (that part of the stage between the curtain and the footlights) were both very small. In setting the stage, some rugs had projected onto the apron. At the end of the act, the star stepped before the curtain to make a speech, and necessarily stood upon the edge of a rug. A stagehand behind the curtain pulled the rug, and the star sat down suddenly and noisily in the footlight trough. When he returned behind the curtain a few seconds later, not a stagehand was in sight; and to add insult to injury, he was forced to assist members of his company in setting up the next scene.

An almost equally disastrous accident occurred not long since, when two co-stars were appearing in "Romeo and Juliet." As Romeo made his poetic entrance, in the balcony scene, he tripped over Juliet's flower garden, and not only fell, but also rolled completely out of sight beneath the back-drop. Quickly regaining his feet, he made a second and more dignified entrance—only to find that the balcony was deserted, Juliet having retired to have a laugh. After the scene, he called the two stage managers, the house manager and the carpenter, who stood trembling before him. Evidently this was a situation beyond profanity, for he glanced them over, remarked with a strong English accent, "You have frightfully marred my performance," and stalked haughtily away.

But it is not all comedy behind the scenes. Perhaps the man who is now making hearty laughter for the audience will come off the stage and hasten to the door for news of some one near and dear, who is ill, even dying—though he well knows that any message will be withheld until the play is over. Possibly you will notice in the wings an alert doctor, standing ready to minister to some player who should be at home in bed. Out on the stage, the actor catches a glamour from the lights and the *wise en scène*. When he comes into the wings, the glamour departs, and the real man or woman shows forth from beneath the grotesquerie of grease paint. It is a place of contrasts—such a one as occurred when a rather *risqué* farce was delighting a New York holiday audience several years ago; as each player came off the stage, there was a burst of laughter; and each one had tears in his eyes, for news had come that day that the well-beloved author had died abroad. It was during the run of this same *risqué* farce that the present writer was in the dressing-room of one of the women of the company, and even as the laughter of a Broadway crowd punctuated the conversation, was read a hearty and sincere lecture for not attending church regularly.

A place of contrasts, surely; of petty jealousies, of fine generosities, of pride and vanity and a stern sense of duty; of tears no less than laughter—and always and ever quick with warm human interest.

ANNE PEACOCK.

Discussing the alleged overproduction of plays in New York, Charles Frohman said recently: "There is no such thing as an overproduction of plays. There is a relentless law that takes care of bad plays; they quickly go to the wall. That is the law of supply and demand. The only thing to be feared is an overproduction of bad plays; but to complain about the overproduction of plays in general is like complaining about the oversupply of good things in life; we can never have too great a production of anything that makes life more livable."

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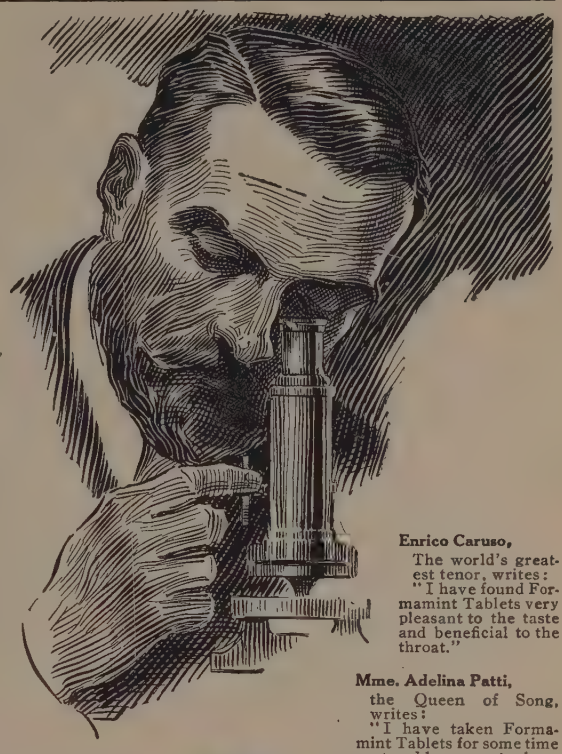

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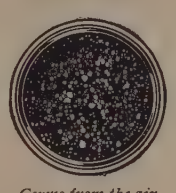

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See page xxvii for particulars

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Model Moving Picture Theatre

(Continued from page 59)

posted almost every afternoon that Mrs. Clement felt justified in inaugurating a unique attraction for a ten cent show—a one-act play, which has come to be one of the most popular regular features at the Bijou Dream. Almost without exception, these playlets have been produced directly from the original manuscripts; often proving to the author and to managers of other theatres, who are invited to the initial performance, that the play is produceable.

While it could not with whole truth be said that the Bijou Dream has a stock company for the acting of these one-act plays, yet such is the personality of Mrs. Clement that she has succeeded in surrounding herself with a capable coterie of young actors and actresses, some half-dozen of whom are always at her command when she announces the title and the nature of the next play. Unintelligent or careless interpretation of the author's meaning is not tolerated. Mrs. Clement and the author and the selected company have many conferences over setting and costumes, poring over plates of costumes of the periods depicted and biographies of the historical characters mentioned—that the intent of the play may be fully brought out.

Another feature of the Bijou Dream is Folk Song and Dance. The costumes representing each nation are technically correct and for the exactness of the pronunciation, an expert linguist is employed at every rehearsal.

Such is the manner of a ten cent moving picture show, four performances daily with the whole bill changed once a week and the pictures twice a week, that Josephine Clement is giving the public of Boston—a high-class cheap show in the Bijou Dream, which is said to be one of the most artistically appointed smaller theatres of the United States.

The entrance and lobby are of marble, with growing plants and fresh-cut flowers in the recesses. The furnishings are mahogany upholstered in leather. There is a moving stairway to the auditorium floor, close to which are the foyer and reception room. The reception room is equipped with checking facilities, writing desks and telephones. There are innumerable arm-chairs and couches. A maid is in constant attendance to look after the comfort of the women and children.

Across the hall is the men's smoking room, which is also fully equipped, so that many a business man drops in for a smoke and to write a few letters during his noon hour, afterward taking in a little of the show.

Another high-class arrangement at the Bijou Dream is the rule that no patron is allowed to take his seat while a play is on the stage or during the rendering of a musical number or the reading of a lecture. Another interesting feature is that the entire house is well lighted throughout the performance. Mrs. Clement has long ago proved it to be a fallacy that lights injure the pictures. She uses violet-colored lights with splendid success. An æsthetic effect is that the ushers are women and dressed in uniform—gray cloth dresses with white muslin aprons, kerchiefs and caps. They, as well as the women chosen to furnish the entertainment, are expected to be womanly in bearing and in speech. The men helpers are also uniformed, and there is a premium put on their courtesy to patrons. And above all else, no one at the Bijou Dream—either on the stage or off it—is permitted for an instant to indulge in coarse or vulgar conversation.

Unlike the ordinary house showing moving pictures the Bijou Dream is officially licensed as a fully equipped theatre, so that a wide latitude is possible in staging one-act plays, operettas and musical numbers.

All this makes good reading, but there are some illuminating questions which have besieged Mrs. Clement since she assumed the management of the Bijou Dream:

"Do the masses of the people appreciate the high-class show that you provide?"

Mrs. Clement answers by reminding her questioner that she has never advertised an inchworth's in any publication and then she points to "Standing Room Only," which hangs out at the entrances two or three times every day.

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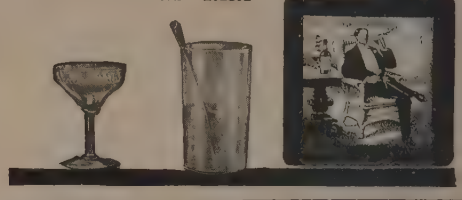

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Racketty-Packetty House

(Continued from page 46)

Susan's knees, and she has to bend way down to talk to them. You stop to examine their costumes and their wigs, and before you've seen half of what you want to see you heed the call for supper and reluctantly go home.

And if you're Aunt Susan you wonder a little why there must be a Children's Theatre, and though you think it's a very lovely place, and though you think the play was staged very prettily, you do give a thought to the children who have amused your nephews and nieces. Isn't it really work for them, this acting? True, they do frisk about sometimes, totally ignoring cues and becoming so interested in the audience that they forget their parts that have been so carefully drilled into them, and true, too, they are sometimes so unmindful of the publicity of their position that they will button rebellious underwear in the glare of the limelight and blow their little noses when they should be dancing, but—doesn't all this become drudgery to them when they have to go through it day after day? And should such little people be subjected to drudgery? Doesn't someone, somehow, rob them of the heritage of their babyhood?

And if you're Aunt Susan, who has read and read stories, and more stories, to all her "neffers and nieces," you know how you have to explain and repeat, and repeat and explain, until their wee minds can grasp the story and catch its point. That is why you wonder how many of the youngsters who see a play, the story of which they have never heard, have a clear idea when they leave of what it was all about. You have to explain: "Now they're inside the doll-house you saw standing in the nursery before." "Yes, they're dolls." "Now there's a grown-up coming—see how they stand still and behave?" "No—now we're outside again—there's Tidy Castle and here's the Racketty-Packetty House." "That's Peter Piper—don't you recognize him in the pretty clothes the Princess gave him?" And the whispering all around you indicates that other aunts and mothers are making like explanatory remarks to their little neighbors.

No matter how little you may care whether the theatre is educational and whether the drama of to-day is uplifting, you do feel, somehow, as though a children's play should be thoroughly wholesome and even, perhaps, have a moral woven through it, if not tacked on at the end. This play by Mrs. Burnett has all the moral one could possibly want, and a very good lesson it is for the limousine children who scorn those of pedestrian parents, but one questions the example Peter Piper, the hero, sets, and the need of so much love talk as there is here. He's a cheerful, lively, charming little fellow, as Master Gabriel presents him, but there is just a bit too much of Buster Brown's supersmartness in his make-up to make him likable and the kind of a boy you would like your boy to be. We want the goody-goody neither in our books nor in our plays, for none are quicker than children to scorn the type as unreal and unhuman, but we do want well-mannered, respectful children as the heroes and heroines of our children's books, for they, after all, are the most influential examples in their lives.

So it is rather annoying to have him pat himself upon the back continuously, and presenting himself with a metaphorical bouquet, say of the Lady Patricia, to whom he has lost his heart (of all situations, the one in which one should be most humble), "Only twice has she seen me, and no titled lady could ever get over that," and "I will while away her tedious hours with a clever repartee," or "I am a true Turkish Delight, I am." It's all a bit too clever and a bit too old. The love theme is so ever present in the adult drama that one sighs for a release from it in the juvenile. Isn't there enough stuff in the child-world out of which to make thrilling, fascinating stories without dragging this in, too? It seems like overworking the little blind god.

Master Gabriel, of course, carries the play, which he seems to do with great ease, even in the trying situations which a company of little people who have not yet reached the age of responsibility sometimes put him. His best support from among the child-actors he gets from the members of his own household. William H. Platt, as Dr. Gustibus; Ynez Seabury, as Peg, who is as round as she is high; Meg, who is Helen Millington, and Maxine Sickles, who, as Killmanskeg, "the accomplished doll," does a funny little dance well. Leila Cautna, as Ridiklis, was by far the most successful in catching the spirit of dolldom, and succeeded in making you forget she was human. E. E. v. B.

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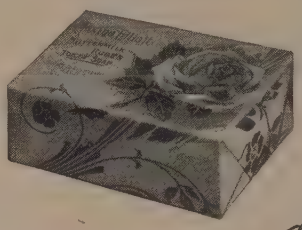

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AT THE OPERA

(*Continued from page 40*)

will prove whether or not it is to be one of his star rôles. Pini-Corsi was excellent in the amusing rôle of Bartolo, and de Segurola did a remarkable bit of character work as Basilio. Sturani conducted, and while the performance had spirit it was a trifle heavy.

One of the most delightful presentations of the month was Wolf-Ferrari's "The Secret of Suzanne," sung for the first time by the Metropolitan artists, although this opera—or "Intermezzo," as its composer calls it—has been given here by the Philadelphia-Chicago forces. Scotti sang and acted Count Gil simply admirably, while Geraldine Farrar was delightful as the Countess, whose great secret was her love for a quiet puff of a cigarette. Polacco conducted and did probably the best work he has done since his arrival here.

Arturo Toscanini, distinguished conductor, joined these forces later than usual, and made his entry of the season with a performance of "Orfeo ed Euridice," which simply showed his masterhand in every detail. The orchestra played as if inspired, Homer sang Orfeo as she does nothing else, Rappold was satisfying as Euridice, Anna Case sang the Happy Spirit for the first time, and did it extremely well, and Lenora Sparkes was Amore.

Toscanini then conducted a memorable performance of "Tosca," in which Geraldine Farrar sang the title rôle as she has never before sung it, and Caruso was ario, singing with an opulence of beautiful tones. Scotti acted Scarpia with thrilling intensity—all told a wonderful presentation of this opera.

Another performance that will not soon be forgotten was the season's first "Die Walküre," which Alfred Hertz conducted. Fremstad as Sieglinde, Burrian as Siegmund—this artistic pair sang and acted the first act in a manner that made all criticism seem mere cavilling. Matzenauer made her first appearance of the season as Brünnhilde, singing excellently. Griswold was an impressive Wotan, Ruysdael an admirable Hunding, and Sara Cahier made her only appearance this year on this stage, singing Fricka in an adequate manner.

Gadski has also come back to the Metropolitan fold after a concert tour, singing a brilliant Brünnhilde in a repetition of "Die Walküre," and later appearing as Isolde in the season's first "Tristan und Isolde." "Aïda," too, had a brilliant representation, with Caruso and Destinn, and Mozart's "The Magic Flute" has continued to draw crowds at every performance. Such familiar operas as "La Bohême," "Butterfly," and "Faust,' have been given spirited performances, and the month has been crowded with opera worth hearing. Although there have been concerts and recitals they have suffered from the lull attending the holiday season.

Victor Records

TITTA RUFFO, BARITONE—Zaza, *Buona Zaza, del mio buon tempo* (*Act II*), Leoncavallo. In Italian.

Leoncavallo's setting of the unhappy story of the loves of *Zaza* and *Milio* was first given at Milan in 1900. The American première took place at the Tivoli, in San Francisco, November 27, 1903. The opera has had some success in London, Paris and Berlin, but has never been given in New York, although several *Zaza* excerpts were given at the Leoncavallo concerts in 1906, when the composer visited America. The story is quite familiar to American audiences, however, through the performance of the play by Mrs. Leslie Carter.

CARUSO SINGS A FAMOUS EASTER SONG AND THE POPULAR "BECAUSE"—Hosanna (*Easter Song*), Jules Granier.

This is one of the most famous of French sacred songs, and forms part of the Easter music in thousands of churches all over the world.

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Henri Wieniawski was one of the greatest violinists of the nineteenth century, being considered by many the equal of Vieuxtemps. He was born in Lubin, Poland, July 10, 1835, and died in 1880, at Moscow.

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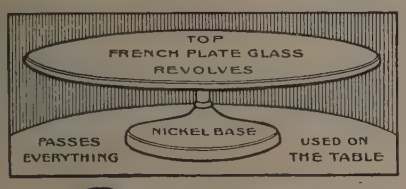

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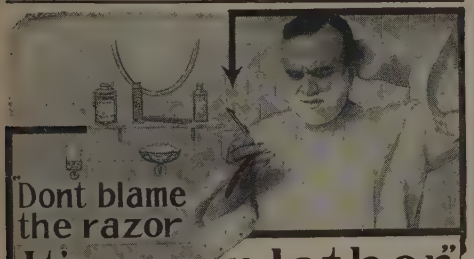

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W. T. PRICE

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The New Plays

(Continued from page 38)

rôles was crude. "Blackbirds" showed an improvement, but it, too, suffered from those artificial means incident to satirical comedy. The idea of the play is rich in opportunities and without being entirely new it was handled with a good deal of novelty. Some of the material was old, as where some vulgar newly rich are put through the customary paces.

LITTLE. "RUTHERFORD AND SON." Play in three acts by K. G. Sowerby. Produced on December 24th with this cast:

John Rutherford, Norman McKinnel; John, J. V. Bryant; Richard, L. G. Carroll; Janet, Edyth Olive; Ann, Agnes Thomas; Mary, Thyrza Norman; Martin, J. Cooke Beresford; Mrs. Henderson, Marie Ault.

"Rutherford and Son," at the Little Theatre, is not a little play, but is entirely in keeping with the high artistic purpose of Mr. Ames. He wants the best, and certainly of its kind there is no recent play that is comparable to it in compactness and force. There is a completeness about each character that is quite unusual. The idea that absorbs a man in England to perpetuate in his family his business name is not unknown here, but it may be doubted if there are many American men of business who will deliberately sacrifice family in order to perpetuate the business name. John Rutherford substitutes everything to his idea. He obtains, by unfair means, control of his own son's invention, intending to give him the benefit of it in due course. The injustice, however, is there. The son robs his cash box, thereby freeing himself from the harsh dominion of his father, leaving behind him his young wife. In the end it is the young wife who brings the old man to his senses. Her child, a boy, is the only one who can perpetuate the name of the house in business. She drives a bargain with her father-in-law, whereby he is not to have control of the child's training for a certain period. It is seen that the new Rutherford, the new head of the house, will be a different man. In the meanwhile, the old man's domestic rule has worked ruin to his family. The son is a fugitive. The daughter has made a slip and is in disgrace; she has fallen, at the best, to the share of a workingman employed in the establishment. The father had blighted her life with his own ambitions and kept her unmarried until she had reached an age of crabbed spinsterhood. It is in the domestic details that "Rutherford and Son" points best the brutal truth. The meals are kept waiting the master's pleasure and convenience. There is no conversation. His mind is occupied always with business. His comforts must be attended to first. His boots are to be taken off and his slippers brought before a morsel passes the hungry mouths of his family. It requires acting of the first order to make such a character tolerable, but Mr. Normal McKinnel accomplished this result with a finish in his acting and a simplicity that brings conviction as to the actuality of such a person as John Rutherford.

GAIETY. "STOP THIEF." Farce in three acts by Carlyle Moore. Produced on December 25th with the following cast:

Nell, Mary Ryan; Mrs. Carr, Ruth Chester; Joe Carr, Vivian Martin; Caroline Carr, Elizabeth Lane; William Carr, Frank Bacon; Arthur Willoughby, M. D., William Boyd; James Cluney, Percy Ames; Jack Doogan, Richard Bennett; Madge Carr, Louise Woods; Clergyman, R. C. Bradley; Jamison, Robert Cummings; Jos. Thompson, James C. Marlowe; Sergeant of Police, Thomas Findlay; Police Officer Ryan, Edward J. McGuire; Police Officer Clancy, James T. Ford; Police Officer Casey, William Graham; Chauffeur, George Spelvin.

The success of "Officer 666" naturally paved the way for "Stop Thief." Both pieces are written in the same amusing vein and acted in the same rapid-fire style. The Carr family—about to celebrate a wedding—is keyed up to the highest pitch of nervousness and excitability. The bride's father is hopelessly absent-minded; the prospective son-in-law believes himself an incurable kleptomaniac. Into this interesting household a new maid smuggles a professional thief. Valuable articles, jewelry, bonds, etc., begin to disappear, only to be found in the pockets of the millionaire kleptomaniac. The complications that ensue are many and mirth-provoking. The police are called in and the crook, arrested, threatens to expose the kleptomaniac. Finally a compromise is reached and the farce ends by a triple marriage. Richard Bennett plays the thief and Mary Ryan the maid. Frank Bacon deserves credit for clever work as the absent-minded Carr.

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Name and Address

BELASCO. "YEARS OF DISCRETION." Comedy in three acts by Frederic Hatton and Fanny Locke. Produced on December 25th with the following cast:

Christopher Dallas, Lyn Harding; Michael Doyle, Bruce McRae; John Strong, Herbert Kelcey; Amos Thomas, Robert McWade, Jr.; Farrell Howard, Jr., Grant Mitchell; Metz, E. M. Holland; Mrs. Howard, Effie Shannon; Mrs. Brinton, Alice Putnam; Anna Merkel, Mabel Bunyea; Lilly Newton, Ethel Pettit; Bessie Newton, Grace Edmondston.

"Years of Discretion" is not very serious in a philosophical way. A rich widow, who has pursued her life remote from the gaieties of the frivolous, and who has not experienced any of the romance that usually attaches to youth, determines not to go beyond her meridian without a taste of what she has missed. In other words, now thirty-eight years old, she intends to make up for the losses of the past by getting back her youth in every way possible to those artistic tradesmen whose business it is to keep women young. On a visit to Boston she confides this purpose to a friend, a woman of fashion, and soon appears before the admirers provided for her as a charming person in her thirties. From this beginning she has a series of affairs, a number of impetuous suitors, one of them a socialist. She is making game of her admirers, enjoying the sensation caused by her purchased youth, but her affections become engaged and she feels forced to confess the truth to a really available admirer. This does not put an end to her frolic, as she expects it will; for he admits that he, too, has dissembled his years.

The lines and the situations are amusing, the piece is acted in a playful spirit, but the final impression left on the audience is not exactly agreeable. The spectacle of the mother of a grown boy forgetting her dignity and sense of decorum, and carrying on so many flirtations as to call for indignant protest from her scandalized offspring, is not particularly edifying.

The play is produced with all the elaboration of detail characteristic of Belasco's methods. The scene in which the widow confesses to her deception takes place in a garden, which for poetic and picturesque setting is one of Belasco's triumphs in stage realism.

The part of the rejuvenated widow is played by Effie Shannon, a charming and sympathetic actress who has not appeared in New York prominently since the days when she was our most popular ingénue.

LYRIC. "ALL FOR THE LADIES." Farce with music in two acts. Book and lyrics by Henry Blossom; music by Alfred C. Robyn. Produced on December 30th with this cast:

Marie, Louise Meyers; Alphonse Clemente, G. A. Schiller; Georgette Clemente, Alice Gentle; Ernest Panturel, Teddy Webb; Nancy Panturel, Adele Ritchie; Charles, Max d'Arcy; Hector Renaud, Stewart Baird; Leo Laubenheim, Sam Bernard; Madam Suzette, Margery Pearson; Finette, Lillie Leslie; Blanche, Marta Spears; Augusta, Maxie MacDonald; Baroness Herbettes, Amy Leicester; Marquise Calvados, Edna Carruthers; General Villefranche, Jerome Uhl; Gaston LeBlanc, Arthur Webner; Duchess Alexia, Lena Robinson; François, Henry M. Holt.

If ever a piece were aptly named, this one assuredly is. Undoubtedly it is all for the ladies. Firstly, it presents a bewildering array of beautiful gowns and dainty lingerie—an exhibit ever dear to the feminine heart; secondly, all the ladies love Sam Bernard, who, as someone said, has spent his life trying to overcome a German accent. One expects to laugh when one goes to see this popular comedian, and certainly in this piece you get all you pay for. He appears as Leo von Laubenheim, a little German designer of dresses, who comes on the scene just in time to save the failing fortunes of a fashionable dressmaking establishment. The fun rages fast and furious, and as a spectacle the show is a delight. Adele Ritchie sings well as Nancy, one of the partners of the dressmaking firm; Louise Meyers makes a cute soubrette and Margery Pearson is exceedingly funny as a lovesick and tearful dressmaker.

PARK. "MISS PRINCESS." Operetta in two acts. Book by Frank Mandel, lyrics by Will B. Johnstone, music by Alexander Johnstone. Produced on December 23d with this cast:

Senator Caldwell, Charles P. Morrison; Baron Gustav Vetter, Ben Hendricks; Baroness Vetter, Isabel C. Francis; Hypatia Caldwell, Margaret Farrell; Prince Alexis, Henri Leon; Countess Matilda, Louise Foster; Frau Kattrina, Josephine Whittell; Lincoln T. Creery, John H. Pratt; Princess Polonia, Lina Abarbanell; Capt. Merton Raleigh, Robert Warwick; Sergeant Tim McGrew, Felix Haney; Corporal Stephens, Donald Buchanon; Private Ryan, Albert Borneman.

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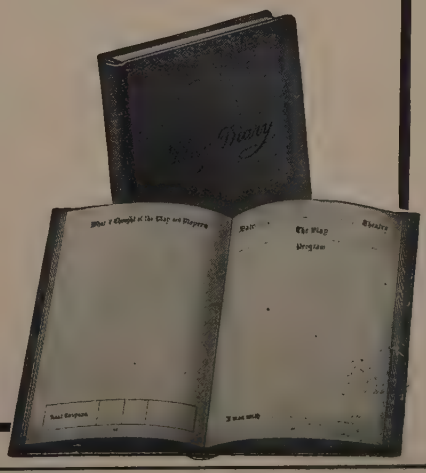

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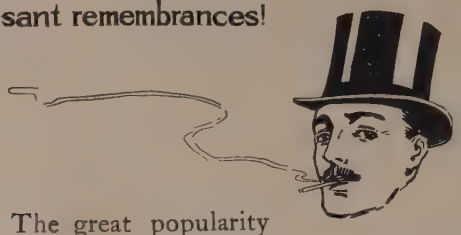

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Lina Abarbanell. She is a Portuguese by birth, the wise ones tell us, of a talented family, the head of which is distinguished as a musical conductor in Berlin. She was known and endeared to the patrons of the German theatres of America long before she emerged upon English-speaking New York in "The Student King," in "Madame Sherry," and now in the title rôle of "Miss Princess." This last-named piece was well adapted to the manifold accomplishments of this little warbler, and she did not slight her opportunities in the least.

NEW AMSTERDAM. "EVA." Musical play in three acts by Glen Macdonough (based upon the original of Willner and Bodansky); music by Franz Lehar. Produced on December 30th with the following cast:

Larousse, T. J. McGrane; Antoine, Wallace McCutcheon, Jr.; Voisin, J. D. Murphy; Dagobert Milleflеurs, Walter Lawrence; Pipsi Paquerette, Alma Francis; Eva, Sallie Fisher; Octave Flaubert, Walter Percival; Ellie, Marie Ashton; Lizette, Marie Vernon; Freddie, Alden Macclaskie; Edmond, W. T. Ford; Hortense, Fawn Conway; Matthew, John Gibson; Maid, Viola Cain; Yvonne, Edna Broderick.

The great public who thought that Lehar in "Eva" would equal the wonderful popularity of his score of "The Merry Widow" were disappointed. It is not so much that the Viennese has fallen below his standard as it is that he has set out to compose something entirely different. Musically the accompaniment to "Eva" was of a very high order, not as melodious, perhaps, as its predecessor, but a score of fine originality, admirable orchestration and really sustained importance. The true fault with "Eva" is its book. A semi-serious concoction, its adapter, Glen Macdonough, gives a very poor account of himself. Its serious side is presented with much theatrical pretension, and its humor is tenuously thin when it is not stupidly stodgy. The title rôle is acted with moderate archness by Sallie Fisher. Her deficiency, however, was in vocal tone.

HARRIS. "CHEER UP." Comedy in two acts by Mary Roberts Rinehart. Produced on December 30th with this cast:

Minnie Waters, Frances Nordstrom; Mike, William Vaughn; Senator Biggs, Billy Betts; Mr. Moody, George Le Soir; The Bishop, William Eville; Jane Brooks, Sybilla Pope; Mr. Brooks, Eric Blind; Sam Van Alstyne, Harold Salter; Billy French, Alan Brooks; Robert Thoburn, Sedley Brown, Jr.; Alan Pierce, Walter Hampden; Doc. Barnes, Royal Byron; Dickie Carter, Effingham Pinto; Dorothy Carter, Fayette Perry; Mrs. Biggs, Amy Veness; Miss Cobb, Selma Maynard; Julia Summers, Lotta Linthicum.

It is sometimes difficult to be cheerful, even when one is told to cheer up. Particularly true is this when one has to do with a bad farce. A number of people are isolated in a health resort in the mountains by reason of a raging snowstorm. The deceased owner of the sanitarium has bequeathed his money to his grandson on condition that he take charge the very evening of the blizzard. Out of this idea grows a series of situations, some of which make for mirth, but most being preposterous and stale.

REPUBLIC. "A GOOD LITTLE DEVIL." Fairy play in three acts by Rosemonde Gerard and Maurice Rostand, adapted by Austin Strong. Produced on January 8th with this cast:

A Poet, Ernest Lawford; Betsy, Iva Merlin; Mrs. MacMiche, William Norris; Charles MacLance, Ernest Truex; Old Nick, Sr., Edward Connelly; Thought-From-Afar, Georgia Mae Fursman; Old Nick, Jr., Etienne Girardot; Juliet, Mary Pickford; Marian, Laura Grant; Queen Mab, Wilda Bennett; Lord Colington of Pilrig, Henry Stanford; Lady Rosalind, Jeanne Towler; Hon. Percy Cusack Smith, R. J. Bloomer; Lord H. De Mar, Conway Shaffer; Lady Cavendish, Katharine Minahan; Hon. Miss Letterblair, Amy Fitzpatrick; Lady Ralston, Edna M. Holland; Lady Molineaux, Augusta Anderson.

David Belasco, in announcing that "The Good Little Devil" "is a fairy-tale for grown-ups," disarms the critics who may now judge it neither as a play for children nor as legitimate drama for their own contemporaries. But as either, or as both, it is entertaining and well done. The play which Austin Strong has adapted with the prose of our tongue from the French of Mme. Rostand and her son Maurice, developed from the favorite fairy-tale which this mother wove for her son in the twilight nursery hour. It tells the story of Charles MacLance, a Scotch orphan boy, who might have been good had his ogre of an aunt, Mrs. MacMiche, not teased and mauled and starved and beaten him into being bad. But his badness wasn't very bad badness—it was good badness that only meant mischief, not harm. There was love in his heart, and that is why everybody loved him, from Betsy the maid and Oliver the poet to Juliette, the little blind girl, and the fairies.

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Such a plot affords Mr. Belasco all the opportunities he needs for the display of that theatrical art of which he is a master. There is every mood represented, from broad farce in the scenes between the ogre aunt and her confrères, the Old Nicks, to pure, sweet sentiment in the childish love scenes between Charles and his Juliette, and for these every degree of lighting is demanded. There is a starry night, when the fairies are floating from planet to satellite; twilight for lovers' trysting and broad noonday sun for the frolics of schoolboys and garden friends.

If Mary Pickford, who plays the blind little girl, is a product of "the movies," then commend us to the photo-play posing as a school for acting. Contrary to expectation, her facial expression was restrained rather than overemphatic and her diction was rarely fine. But both these qualities and her winsome prettiness are as nothing compared with the spirituality, the sweet childish simplicity with which she played her part. Had Ernest Lawford, who played the part of the poet, and Ernest Truex, the boy hero, shared her earnestness, her true feeling for the meaning of the lines, they would have been more convincing. As it was, they both were in their parts, not of them; they had the semblance but not the soul of the people they represented. And if Ernest Lawford had the art to conceal his identity with his former parts he might also fare better. One who succeeds in doing this capitally is William Norris in whose crotchetty, gnarled, maliciously hateful, deliciously comical Mrs. MacMiche one could never recognize the blithely singing hero of "Toyland." A better old witch woman one couldn't imagine in or outside of a story book.

EMPIRE. "THE SPY." An English version in three acts by Henry Kistemaecker's play, "La Flambée," by Peter Le Marchant. Produced on January 13th with this cast:

Colonel Felt, Cyril Keightley; Marcel Beaucourt, Julien L'Estrange; Bertrand de Mauret, Edgar Norton; Julius Glogau, Chas. B. Wells; Monseigneur Jussey, Ernest Stallard; Baron Stettin, Douglas Gerrard; Henri Cartelle, Chas. K. Gerrard, Paul Rudiet, Isidore Marcil; Justin, James Furey; The Mayor, E. J. Brady; Dr. Dufot, Thomas Turnour; Monique Felt, Edith Wynne Matthison; Yvonne Stettin, Essex Dane; Therese Deniau, Vera Finlay; Annette, Jane May.

When Henry Kistemaecker's play, "La Flambée," was first produced in Paris, Moroccan politics were at their height. Its patriotic note struck an immediately responsive chord. Rather laboriously translated for local consumption by Peter Le Marchant, its production here at the Empire is not calculated to stir much enthusiasm. Its heroics are too distinctly provincial and its domestic complications too Parisian to make strong appeal to American hearers. But most positive of all is the fact that "The Spy" is not a good acting play. Its technic is clumsy, its dialogue redundant and extraneous. The abbé and his views on divorce make a scene with the wife that has no bearing on the piece or its conclusion. Half a dozen of the characters could be entirely dispensed with. Its humor is tenuous and irrelevant.

Monique, wife of Lt.-Col. Felt, and he have drifted apart. She wants a divorce to marry Marcel Beaucourt, a radical member of the ministry. Felt, however, resolves to win her back. For her benefit he has become heavily involved. His principal creditor, Glogau, insists on immediate payment, and suggests that as a means of wiping out the debt he give him, Glogau, secret agent for a foreign power, a copy of the plans of a certain fortification. In his rage Felt strangles him to death. He comes to his wife's boudoir to establish an alibi, then the lover arrives for a platonic interview, recriminations, etc., but things are temporarily adjusted and she promises to shield him. In the last act there is a clash as Beaucourt, when he finds he is likely to lose Monique, threatens to show up Felt, but as it was a "spy" who was strangled he agrees to hold his tongue for patriotic reasons.

Monique was played with splendid skill and illuminative resource by Edith Wynne Matthison but the performance was entirely unemotional and moving in its effect. The husband was acted with dignity, repose and a singular personal charm by Cyril Keightley, and Julien L'Estrange enacted the lover with graceful fervor. There were two very rich and handsome sets, unnecessarily elaborate.

CRITERION. "CHAINS." Play in four acts by Porter Emerson Browne, founded on the English play of the same title by Elizabeth Baker. Produced on December 16 with this cast:

Ruth Wilson, Olive Wyndham; Richard Wilson, Shelly Hull; Jackson Tennant, Clifford Bruce; Betty Mason, Desmond Kelley; Percy Mason, Edwin Nicander; Charley Mason, Clinton Preston; Morton Lane, Edward Fielding; Sybil Frost, Ruth Boyce; Howard Dunn,

(*Continued on page xxvii*)

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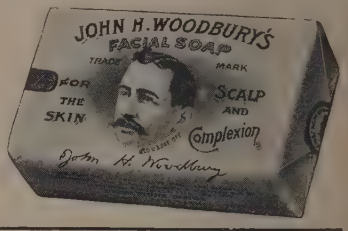

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THE LATEST FASHION FANCIES FOR SPRING

IS there ever really a lull in the clothes world? Almost before one has completed the winter wardrobe the shops are tempting us with fresh allurements in the way of new fabrics and new models fashioned from these same new stuffs. Although it will be several weeks—unless one pays a visit to the South—before these costumes can be worn, the appeal is too seductive to be resisted. Then, too, there is a story about the luck of the early bird which many women act upon, and the days when the weather makes a stay indoors more inviting than a venture into the sleet and snow are just the best times for planning, and perhaps making, the early spring wardrobe. Certainly if one cannot have the joys of actually wearing the new frocks and hats in the South, the next best pleasure is planning them. Then when spring in all its glory bursts upon us, and the siren call of the open thrills our very being, we are ready to blossom forth in our new dresses, while the foolish virgins who have waited until the last minute are pleading for the overworked dressmakers and tailors to hurry with their clothes.

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This fascinating dress from Bechoff-David displays to excellent advantage the supple draping qualities of broche crêpe trianon in the café au lait shade. It is a wonderfully simple frock with the new note in the undersleeves of printed silk. A collar of the printed silk may be substituted for the fur, if gown is intended for the spring

While there is little that is actually new in the realm of fabrics, the old favorites are more fascinating than ever in their new guises. All of us are well acquainted with crêpe de chine and its sterling wearing qualities, but few of us would recognize it in all its richness in the new crêpe chinois. To begin with, it is heavier than the crêpe de chines of other days, and consequently richer and more elegant, and it boasts the dull finish now so fashionable. The vogue for brocaded effects is answered by the new broche crêpe trianon, which has the added charm of brocade combined with the crêpe weave. Like the crêpe chinois it has the dull finish and is quite heavy enough for the tailored costume. The charming styles for these materials are displayed in the accompanying photographs

The demand for moiré has increased all during the winter months, until it has reached the crest of the wave of popularity—the popularity of an exclusive fabric—in the new moiré serb, which has the most alluring of frosted effects. There is something delightfully cool-looking in this frosted finish which is going to appear even more inviting when the thermometer is performing stunts with the high record temperatures. The Paris dictum which calls for corded weaves is developed by the good-looking faille de Paris, which is particularly appropriate for the costume tailleur.

All of these materials reflect the new colors which make the rainbow of the coming season an unusually attractive one. There are first the tan shades, with *café au lait* at one extreme and nut and saddle brown at the other, the covert tones and those with more suggestion of gray, such as twine and putty. Of the blues, the Persian blue is the favorite, and also the darker tones known as midnight and raven's wing, which are almost black though with more iridescence than is usually noticeable in a dead black. The yellows are represented by the amber, and for evening, the combination with red which blends into a geranium. The red with more of a purplish hue, which has been named "Nell Rose," in honor of Miss Wilson, promises to vie with the brick-red in the red series.

In worsteds, the matelassé is really the only novelty, and we have already made its acquaintance in a silken texture. This stunning fabric is combined with the plain material of the same shade; in some models the matelassé is shown in the coat, in others in the skirt, with the coat of the material and trimmings of the figured stuff. Not only in worsteds, but in cottons, the matelassé weave is receiving all the attention paid to novelties and promises to be used extensively in suits. It is so very good-looking and comes in such an interesting array of colors that it is quite impossible to resist its appeal. The matelassés are also combined with the pin Ottomans, and in the same way the pin Ottomans are matched to plain materials of the same shadings. The needle cords, which are similar to the pin Ottomans, except that the ridge runs up and down with the warf instead of across, are likewise matched with the plain materials, for the new style features of the spring are more in the combination of fabrics than in the exploitation of new ones. A model for fashioning materials in the plain and figured goods is shown in the photograph.

The Bedford cords are particularly smart in the covert shadings, both in the plain and in the mixtures, and the soft, supple côté de

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No. 92. Hand-embroidered Marquisette Gown, trimmed with real Cluny lace, Dresden girdle sash. Price **59.00**

No. 92A. Palm Canopy—Parasols of bright red taffeta silk, with black binding on edge; long ebony handle with red silk loop cord. Price **7.50**

No. 93. French Batiste Gown, trimmed with fillet Venise lace banding, flower ribbon girdle with sash end. Price **35.00**

No. 93A. La Volant—Parasols of white taffeta silk, finished off at edge with fancy black silk tape; long black, carved wood handle. Price **7.85**

No. 94. Copy of a recent Spring importation; Gown of white French Eponge effectively hand-embroidered and trimmed with crochet buttons. Collar, cuffs and sides of skirt trimmed with real Cluny lace. Finished at waist with girdle of Egyptian silk. Sizes 34 to 42 bust. Price **39.75**

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A SMART RECEPTION COSTUME

Although the original model is shown in velvet, it would be equally smart in the new moiré serb in the putty coloring. This material drapes in a graceful manner, giving the same lines as those shown in the photograph. The bodice is cut with the V-shaped neck to display a fine maline lace yoke which is finished in the back by a collar of Bulgarian embroidery. The long sleeves are attached to the low shoulder line, and fit closely the arm. The bag shown is one of the new styles which open flat

cheval is more alluring than ever in the covert tones. All of these fabrics come in the new colors already mentioned, and are particularly chic in twine and putty tints, which are really newer interpretations of such neutral tones as the popular taupe. Shepherd's checks are considered standards, and are sold to more or less an extent each season, but the combination of checks and a plain goods is so good-looking that they are enjoying a new lease of popularity and are quite as well liked in the navy and white checks as in the black and white.

In the heavy cotton materials suitable for suits, the éponge is a strong leader, and there are wonderfully good-looking striped ratines. The novelty here is the zig-zag cloth woven from threads of graduated size, alternating thick and thin and pulled while on the loom to give the zig-zag pattern. The effect is so stunning when three colors are combined that it rather overshadows the monotone patterns.

The crêpe weaves are as stylish in cottons as in silks, and the embroidered crêpes are positively so enchanting that one just must have a gown, or at least a waist, of one of the neat printed floral designs in the bright reds and greens, or the more subdued pinks and blues, which sell for $1.25 a yard. The bordered crêpes are, perhaps, more ambitious, and are certainly novel, for what could be more revolutionary than plush or velvet with every thread of cotton? Yet a soft, graceful cotton crêpe has a deep border of plush, as silky in appearance as panne velvet, and sells for $2.50. The crêpes with the ratine borders can be bought as low as $1.50, whether checked or striped. More striking, perhaps, are the crêpes printed with conventional figures developed in the brilliant Bulgarian colors and set in tiny frames of ratine. These cost $5 a yard, but even at this price a gown would not be expensive, because the material is very wide, requiring only four or five yards, and the goods are so decorative in themselves they require no additional trimming.

Fetching Costumes for the South.

The trip South is usually planned so hurriedly that there is very little time to devote to dressmaking, and it is a comfort to be able to visit one of the reliable shops and pick up costumes so individual in line and cut and so distinctive with the little new touches which make a frock smart, that they give the appearance of having been made to order. Is it not far simpler to buy for $25 a suit of crash—particularly when time is money—than to bother with having one made, especially when the costume has all the trig and jaunty appearance of the suit which would be turned out by the tailor with the same severe tailored lines and the same simplicity of cut? The skirt is perfectly plain, and the jacket a one-button cutaway with a buttoned belt in the back and a line of pearl buttons outlining one of the side back seams from the waist to the bottom. There are also buttons on the square revers and long, straight sleeves.

A more dressy two-piece suit of linen, selling for $39.50, has a wide border of embroidery and cutwork on the skirt. This border is repeated on the upper part of the jacket, on the square revers, and also on the three-quarter sleeves. On a suit of white terry cloth there are three graduated borders to lend the appearance of trimming to the skirt. These are likewise introduced onto the body of the jacket, which is given a slightly high-waisted effect by the belt of black satin. There are a black satin collar and cuffs and draped revers of the supple terry cloth. It is a simple costume and yet a very chic one, and sells for the same reasonable sum of $39.50.

For the morning, in the land of flowers, there is a charming

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A SIMPLE STREET SUIT WITH MANY NEW STYLE POINTS

This costume by Drecoll could easily be developed into one of the new fabrics such as matelassé, with the plain material, matching in color the matelassé, for the underskirt. The slight draped effect of the coat follows the lines of the skirt. The collar of fur in a spring costume would be cast aside for one of silk ratine, or of the plain material. The hat of velvet would look equally smart in maline

little oyster-white linen frock with touches of sky blue in the linen at the belt, the cuffs and the revers, which graduate from the belt to the neck and disclose a dainty lingerie vest. Over the blue linen collar there is a smaller one of the lingerie embroidery, which adds a simple but pretty finish to this love of a frock, selling for the modest sum of $18.50. There is a distinct suggestion of drapery in a gown of deep blue ramie linen, the drapery being carried to the side opening and the fullness taken care of with narrow pin tucks. The fastening is almost hidden under the large buttons of black satin covered with crochet dyed to match the blue of the gown. These buttons form an important decorative feature on the blouse, outlining either side of the lace vest, in addition to the narrow revers of black satin softened with a tiny lingerie frill. The yoke in the back is extended over the shoulders to lend the fashionable long shoulder line and the sleeves are long, reaching to the wrist, where they are faced with black satin. A slightly high-waisted effect is given by the wide girdle of black satin, finished at one side by a knot and short end. It is a very useful little frock for various occasions and can be bought for $29.

A gown which would be quite "dressed up" enough for an informal afternoon tea is fashioned from the white terry cloth. There is a simulated overskirt, slightly draped toward the bottom, and a front panel enhanced with embroidered latticework in soft shades of tan and green, with the distinguishing lines of black. This embroidery is used on the blouse to give the effect of a crossed vest, displaying a fine shadow lace yoke edged with tan chiffon. The sleeves, which are set into an enlarged armhole piped with the tan chiffon, are long and finished with a cuff of the lace veiling a deeper one of the chiffon. There is a clever little buttoned strap of the embroidery at the back which adds one of those knowing little touches so suggestive of a French origin. Forty-five dollars is a very reasonable price for this smart frock.

A New Departure.

One of the largest shops which has made a pronounced success of its suit and dress departments has now added a new one, catering to women desiring costumes made to order. The work is under the supervision of a very clever designer, who has a fund of original ideas. A varied selection of French creations are constantly being imported from which copies may be ordered, or original models will be fashioned for any customer wishing costumes with individual touches. It is the idea of the designer to work with his customers and to develop for them their own suggestions with careful consideration for the personality and individual style of the woman who is to wear the costume. In this way he hopes to create frocks and suits and wraps which are different from the great mass turned out by many of the department shops. One of the most comforting thoughts is the fact that the prices are to be kept moderate.

When Buying Linen.

It is so very difficult to distinguish linen from cotton, and harder still to know the different grades of cotton, that the really only reliable method of buying sheets and pillow cases is to purchase a brand which you know is satisfactory. Time and experience are the best teachers, if hard masters, in telling us the brands which will make good on their assertions. Could you ask for better test than the millions of washings since 1848 which have given to one well-known brand the cherished name it bears for general all-round satisfaction? It has taken years of hard work and honest dealing to get this brand as favorably placed before the public, and the manufacturers are insistent that it shall always bear the same enviable reputation. When you ask for this brand in the shops you know that you are receiving uniformly good quality for your money. The sheets may be bought plain or hemstitched and in any size you may desire. It is economy to buy goods of this kind, for you pay no more for them than for others, and you are assured that they will give you your money value in wear and quality.

Just Among Ourselves.

Considering that so many of the nerve centres are located in the feet, it is not surprising that many poor mortals are constantly complaining of tired, painful pedestals. It is really shameful the way in which we abuse our good friends who carry us hither and thither over many miles each day, and the least we can do is to give

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Hair Goods for the Gentlewoman

THE CHARM and becomingness of Clement hair goods and coiffures lie in the clever adaptation of Fashion's dictates to the wearer's needs.

An exclusive variety of the latest styles in hair goods and ready-made coiffures is now ready for inspection.

An unusually fine selection of hair ornaments, combs, pins, barettes, perfumes, etc., which will delight the fastidious woman, has just been imported from Paris.

Liquid Henna

is a recent discovery of mine which beautifully colors the hair. It is absolutely harmless and can be applied without aid. Success guaranteed. Price, $2.00.

I also have a coloring that will *permanently* dye the eyebrows. Price, $2.00.

Spacious, airy rooms with *natural daylight* for application and rectifications of hair coloring by French experts only.

Visitors are welcome to advice and suggestions. Booklet sent on request.

them such treatment at night that they may be able to repair damages while we sleep. Toes which have become bent through ill-fitting shoes, or joints which have become enlarged, may be corrected by a new patented spring which gently but firmly persuades the different parts of the feet to take on the lines Nature intended them to have. This method of correction takes place at night when the owner of these misshapen feet is far away in dreamland, and there is no unpleasantness connected with it. The results are so beneficial and the comfort derived so welcome that the man or woman who has suffered from troubles of a pedal nature should at once investigate these little bands. There is a larger spring, or band, which is used as an arch supporter for the fallen foot.

To Smooth Out the Tell-tale Lines.

The woman who is really interested in preserving her complexion gives a certain amount of time, night and morning, to the care of her skin. She may—and if she is wise she does—pay a visit to her beauty specialist at stated intervals, but in the interim she aids the work of the specialist with massage, creams, etc. It requires expert skill to massage the skin with the fingers so that it will not be stretched, and for this reason many women prefer a vibrator or roller of some kind. After much experimenting a roller has been perfected which smooths the skin without stretching it, stimulates a good circulation, which brings about a healthy, normal skin with good natural color and fills in the hollows.

The roller consists of twenty York ivory balls, which revolve from the pressure against the skin, and is surprisingly simple to manipulate. It is by far the easiest method of applying creams to the skin, for the cream is then thoroughly worked into the skin in the shortest space of time. To rub away the ugly double chin it is ideal, for this unsightly protuberance will not eliminate itself by strenuous massage unless it is strenuous. The comfort and aid which this roller will give is worth many times the selling price of $3.00. A cream especially prepared to use with the roller is sold by the same Beauty preserving company.

A CHIC BETWEEN-SEASONS HAT

This is an excellent model for the hat to be worn between seasons as it can be made from silk or maline. The draped crown is one of the new features, and the fantacie placed a little to one side of the front is very generally becoming

An Imitation of Nature.

Where is a woman who does not envy her lucky sister with curly hair? And yet it is within the power of every woman to curl her hair in such a way that she can defy Nature and by means so simple that the old-fashion process of curling the hair becomes as onerous as walking when one can ride in a motor. The method is, of course, electricity, that time-saver in so many daily tasks. The curler is attached to an electric light socket, and in a few moments is just hot enough to use.

The curler is destined to give the lovely, soft, fluffy effect which is so desirable and which is really such a clever imitation of the pretty wavy hair as curled by Nature that it is almost impossible to detect the difference. You will find out what a great convenience this new hair curler may be when you are travelling and are lodged in a hotel where capable hairdressers are scarce, or so popular that you are kept waiting for hours before your turn arrives. During the season at Palm Beach, on the nights when a ball was scheduled, many of the women were compelled to miss their dinners, or have them sent to their rooms, so popular was the demand for hairdressers. It is an inexpensive affair, for the hair may be curled ten times for a cent, and the initial cost of $3.75 is surely a reasonable one.

Nature is also niggardly in her gifts of beautiful, thick eyebrows and lashes, and yet they can make or mar a face. There is something lacking, almost a weakness of character, in a face on which the eyebrows are thin and indistinctly marked and the lashes short and scraggly. The poets realized these defects many years ago, and have written numerous pretty sonnets to a beautiful eyebrow and long, curling lashes. When these two features in good condition can add so much that is beautiful and youthful to the face, is it not surprising that all women do not insist upon thick luxuriant eyebrows and pretty long lashes? There is just one excuse, which is really not an excuse at all, and that is, it is difficult to procure any really satisfactory method for inducing the hair to grow more plentifully on the eyebrows and lashes.

It took a woman, a woman who was brave enough to admit that she would be better looking with thicker eyebrows and longer lashes, to discover a combination of remedies to stimulate this growth of hair. By experimenting she found that the salve she had compounded would thicken the eyebrows if applied at night, and that the lotion she used during the day caused the lashes to grow long. It is guaranteed that the preparations are both harmless to the eye and the sight. The combination treatment costs $3.00, but it is a very meagre sum when the results are considered and the improvement in our looks.

In the Aid of Health and Beauty.

Everyone watches with dread and a sinking sensation in the region of the heart any accumulation of flesh under the chin, for the double chin is not only an unsightly disfigurement but a horrible reminder that time is fleeting. There are various methods of suppressing it, but one of the most satisfactory is a good chin strap. This strap, if properly constructed, performs its important function during sleep, when the muscles are relaxed and naturally

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We Want to See You at Our Spring Opening

It will take place the week beginning March 3rd.

The couturiers in Paris are particularly kind to us this season, sending us cablegrams, sketches, suggestions, which are worked up into enchanting creations for the Opening Display, almost as soon as received.

The number of requests for invitations to our Opening last Fall so exceeded our supply that we have decided to omit the sending of printed invitations this season and invite you instead through the voice of L'ART DE LA MODE.

Your visit will be more than repaid in the endless variety of suggestions and ideas which you will gather. We are counting upon *your* presence. *Do not disappoint us or yourself.*

Delightful Surprises in "The 'Twixt Season Number" (April Fashions)

Filled with so many adaptable suggestions that you will keep this book for many months.

It will solve the problem of the early Spring bride with its ravishingly effective models designed for the all-important event.

It will contain—

Creations in smart and attractive walking suits and evening wraps—

A practical sewing lesson—

Valuable talks on Interior Beautifying and Decorating—

A little Parisian gossip—and—

No! We shall tell you no more, for then they would not be surprises!

Hereafter for the convenience of those who desire their patterns in a hurry, we shall send all orders so indicated at letter rate.

To a house sending out hundreds of patterns daily, this is an expensive undertaking. We therefore know that our patrons will not ask us to rush orders on which more time can be allowed.

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THE definite expression of the season's exact fashion in hats is in the Gage creations. The result is not only ultra-latest in shape and design, but is harmoniously beautiful, giving authoritative finish to the costume, whatever the time or occasion.

The leading milliners show Gage hats. We will mail you our current book of the new styles just as soon as it is ready, if you will write us for it. Your name, once received, becomes part of our mailing list, to receive subsequent fashion literature.

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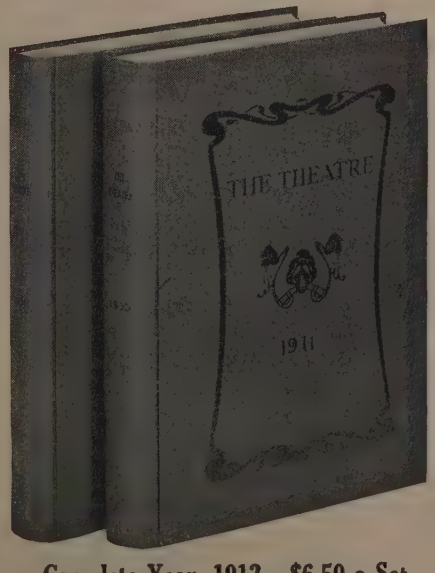
The Revue of 1912



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It contains over 720 pages, colored plates, 1500 engravings, notable articles of timely interest, portraits of actors and actresses, scenes from plays, and the wonderfully colored covers which appeared on each issue.

It makes an attractive addition to your library table, and is the source of much interest and entertainment not only to yourself but to your friends.

Only a limited number of these sets have been made up this year, owing to the enormous sales on each issue, which left comparatively few reserve copies.

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droop and sag unless held in position. Such a strap is quite as valuable an aid to health, for it will hold the lower jaw in the proper hygienic position, so that the breathing will be through the nostrils and not through the open mouth. All sorts of diseases can attack the throat and lungs of the sleeper who breaths through his or her mouth, not to mention an affliction which is perhaps more troublesome to others within hearing distance—snoring.

AN EFFECTIVE BRIDGE FROCK

This delightful little frock from Drecoll would serve as a charming model for the new crêpe chinois, or even one of the bordered fabrics. The underskirt of chiffon may be enhanced with a deep border which would match the empiecement on the bodice. The yoke of creamy net is finished with a deep frill of the same net, and a square collar in the back of the crêpe matching in color one of the shades in the embroidered border

One of the most scientifically constructed straps is made from light, pink, ventilated silk elastic, made especially for this purpose. It fits over and under the chin, hooks on the top of the head and passes over, not behind, the ears. It is not a disagreeable harness which is a trial to wear, but is quite comfortable enough to wear while reading or writing, when the face is inclined to droop. These straps vary slightly in price from $5 to $6.50, but, of course, they can be worn for any length of time.

The dull gray weather we have had lately, and which threatens to continue, fills us all with a desire to escape to more sunny climes, to fly towards the Riviera, or even farther still.

In view of this flight we now seek our favorite couturiers to choose whatever may please us among the pretty things they have invented.

For our tailor-mades this winter we have been wearing woollen, plain, striped and checked, or whipcord; we shall now have them in velvet, in soft satin and in silky cloth.

For trimmings, a number of little stuffs have made their appearance—the novelty whereof consists in an old-fashioned look and rather false colors. They are mostly silk epinglina with designs more suited to men's cravats than to anything else. The peculiarity of these materials is that the patterns brochés in matching shades on the right side stand out on the wrong side on a ground of a totally different color. It is a curious effect of weaving, which may be found in certain taffetas, satins, and also in materials of silk and wool. Thin silks in checks or stripes are also used for the large collars of jackets, which are surmounted with a wide band of woollen material, similar to that of the jacket. The collar is sometimes made broader by the addition of epaulettes. This is becoming to rather thin ladies.

The woollen velvet in use is smooth, reminding one of the felt of English carpets, or else with the nap lying flat, like zibeline cloth.

As for the shapes in favor for jackets and long tailor-made mantles, they are of infinite variety. The latter are either long wraps or half-length coats—resembling, though more graceful in effect, the *visites* worn by our grandmothers. Jackets are short and fanciful, either of the same stuff as the skirt or totally different. Add to this an extreme variety in colors, and you will own that you need not fear either monotony or ennui.

We have double-breasted redingotes, to which kimono sleeves lend an appearance of novelty. The lower part of these garments is of unequal length, shorter in front so as to show the skirt and the buttons that fasten it. It is full enough to form *godets,* rounded folds that allow the lining to appear here and there.

These *godets* are charming for jackets; we have been so long confined to scanty skirts and mantles that a little fullness at the bottom is quite welcome, and it seems as though this novelty is going to "take."

One must know how to choose the shade of the lining; and the variety offered increases the difficulty of choice. We are shown light linings and dark linings, linings matching the stuff or in shades of the same color, and others of a totally different hue from the jacket. The latter kind requires most taste in its selection; we may harmonize blue and mole-gray, cherry color and iron-gray, or golden-brown with the greenish-blue of dear turquoises.

Silk velvet will be especially used for trimming woollen velvet, for nothing can be prettier than the combination of the dull tint of the one and the deep shot sheen of the other. This mingling of colors will afford a pretext for delightful harmonies of color.

For instance, there are very soft, grayish, English green with a lark linen blue—a kind of dark washed-out blue; or brown woollen velvet with lavender silk velvet; or again brown, almost as dark as skunk, with turquoise blue or malachite green.

It is well to mention dresses lately seen in navy-blue satin, in black satin and *bleu denuit* satin enlivened with a panel and narrow borders of velvet striped with divers shades of pink, crossed by lines of blue. In fact, every mingling of color is permitted, provided the effect procured be a successful one.

We will gladly give names of shops where goods described may be purchased.
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The New Plays

(Continued from page xv)

Bernard Merifield; P. J. Mason, Robert Fisher; Miranda Mason, Mrs. Thomas Whiffen.

The original play entitled "Chains" was written by an Englishwoman who happened to be a stenographer, interested in playwriting. Her success with her first effort created a good deal of talk at the time the play was produced. The idea of the piece is that life among the clerks in London is without freedom of opportunity, in short, that the employed are slaves, not only slaves to their employers, but to their own fears and to hopeless circumstances. A young husband is about to give up his position with its meagre salary and seek to better himself in Australia. He is just on the point of making the plunge for fortune when his wife whispers to him that a child is coming. He must give up his venture for freedom. That is the play. However, it was not Miss Baker's play that was given at a special matinée at the Criterion Theatre. It was a play of the same title, "Chains," founded on the original, and written by Porter Emerson Browne. It is proper, without going into detail, to record that Mr. Browne utterly failed to reproduce the spirit and the philosophy of the original. It was substantially the same play in story and in form; but Mr. Browne was handling something entirely foreign to American life, and naturally his work was perfunctory.

DALY'S. "THE DRONE." Comedy in three acts by Rutherford Mayne. Produced on December 30th with this cast:

John Murray, Robert Forsyth; Daniel Murray, Whitford Kane; Mary Murray, Margaret Moffat; Andrew McMinn, Joseph Campbell; Sarah McMinn, Margaret O'Gorman; Donal Mackenzie, A. F. Thompson; Sam Brown, Stanley Gresley; Kate, Nellie Wheeler; Alick McCreedy, John Campbell.

The introduction to us of Scotch, Irish and English plays, representing the revolt against theatricalism, is desirable, and it is to be regretted that such an earnest little play as "The Drone" failed to get a foothold. It was a play of character, without great strength, but pleasing enough. The title of the play indicates that the chief character is a shiftless person, a dreamer. He lives on his brother, who is asked to believe that an invention soon to be completed, but never finished, will be profitable and change the situation. The man's character and circumstances never change, but he finally does something to excuse his existence. Mr. Brady brought over the original company for the performance, which was entirely in the new spirit of simplicity on the stage. The temporary closing of Daly's for repairs put an end to the engagement after two performances only.

DALY'S. "THE QUESTION." Play in four acts by Sherman Dix. Produced on December 19th with this cast:

Colonel Chilton Carter Thornton, G. W. Wilson; Corbin Thornton, Richard Sterling; Chamoney Thornton, Ellen Mortimer; Lucilla Thornton, Helen Gillingwater; Duchess of Beauborough, Olive May; Dorothy Stuart, Ottola Nesmith; "Mammy" Theo, Margaret Lee; Burton Carpenter, Edwin Arden; Preston Warren, R. T. Haines; Brice, Ernest Joy; Peters, Charles Dowd.

"The Question" (not a definite or happy title), is the question of drink. In no way can a story concerning an inherited taste for the intoxication of liquor be made pleasant. As a dramatic treatise on the subject it may be thrillingly realistic, but not entertaining. The temperance plays of a generation or two ago belong to a widespread movement and emphasized the evil conditions of the time. This play does not prove the recognized fact that intemperance leads to penury, unhappiness in many forms, in death; but essays to show that the desire for drink may (or may not) be inherited, and that the habit may (or may not) be induced by having bottles of whiskey on the sideboard. It is neither one thing nor the other, only a succession of highly dramatic inconclusive situations. With George W. Wilson, Edwin Arden, Robert T. Haines and Ellen Mortimer the play was unusually well acted. Miss Olive May was intrusted with the comedy.

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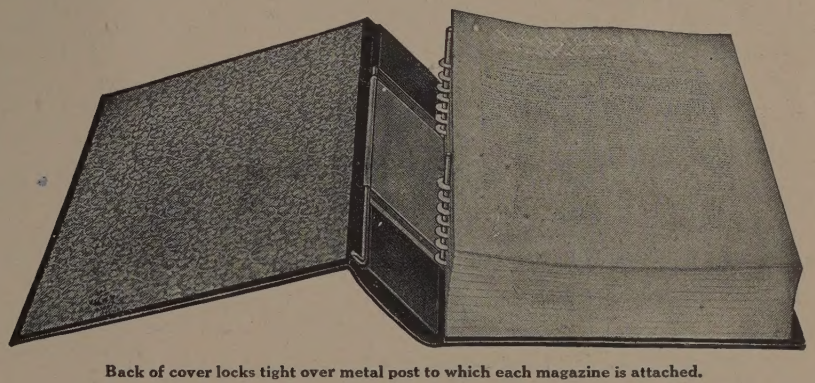

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New Dramatic Books

THE NEXT RELIGION. Play in three acts by Israel Zangwill. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Rev. Stephen Trame, an English vicar, rebels against the doctrines he is supposed to represent and goes to London with his wife and boy to publish and distribute copies of his book, "The Next Religion." After many hardships, he meets Sir Thomas McFadden, a gun manufacturer, who buys up Stephen's edition and endows him or rather his cause, with some fifteen million dollars with which to build a church. Incidentally, Sir Thomas has disinherited his son, Stephen's friend, who was the first to bring about his change of heart. The church is not completed until after the death of Sir Thomas. Stephen becomes blind. He has taught that immortality is in our children, not in ourselves. The son of Sir Thomas appears. Now he has changed his religious attitude from the revolutionary thinking of his early days to one of the old conventional form. He bears Stephen no malice for supplanting him in his father's will. A fanatical blacksmith, an old enemy of Stephen's, who has vowed destruction to all non-believers in the established Church, endeavors to kill Stephen, and, failing in that, kills Stephen's son. Stephen, by his own religion, compels himself to become reconciled to this loss; but his wife, who has refused to believe in his teachings all along, denounces him, and rises in his own temple as a champion of the Resurrection and the Life. Israel Zangwill is an exceedingly able dramatist, but he has lately become more concerned with what he has to say than with how he says it. But if a man wants to accomplish something new and startling, rather than what is eternally true, he is evading his obligations, and not true either to his underlying purpose or his art. Certainly there can be no emphasis too great placed upon either the duty of having something to say or of saying it well; but there should be no lack of proportion; both divisions should stand for the best. Frankly, this piece is merely a tract, with a definite purpose contained, perhaps, but none clearly presented. There is probably some symbolism concerned as well, for that is the charitable way nowadays of excusing the aforesaid deficiency and the presence of things one cannot understand. Its main claim to consideration seems to be the fact that it was barred by the British censor. Now that we have read the play ourselves, the placing of this ban seems to us a wholly unnecessary proceeding (unless the censor desired activity), because, had the piece been presented upon the stage, it would have failed promptly, the failure being induced by a fit of sheer nothingness.

THE HAMLET PROBLEM AND ITS SOLUTION. By Emerson Venable. Cincinnati. The Stewart & Kidd Co.

Here comes "the sphinx of literature" to rack our brains again. Or rather, it would seem that it comes to rack the brains of others, for we enjoy Hamlet without seeking to reduce his character to a rule of thumb. All of which may be vague to the reader until we say that the topic of discussion is: "Why did Hamlet hesitate about avenging his father after his solemn promise to the ghost that he would do so?" Mr. Venable first responds to the question with a review of the so-called "sentimental" idea that Shakespeare intended to show a great deed laid upon a soul unequal to the performance of it. Then he goes on successively over the remaining four representative theories, the "conscience" theory that the melancholy Dane was unable to convince himself that it was right to avenge his father; third, the "irresolution" or Schlegel-Coleridge idea, that Hamlet argued the matter in his mind for too long a time; the fourth, that excuses Hamlet as insane, and the fifth, the Klein-Werder theory, or idea that he was restrained by the force of actual circumstances. Evidently Mr. Venable objects to any solution of the matter because he wants, as he implies, to answer the question and still find the question remaining. Somewhat of a paradox, think we. The key to Hamlet's character, says the author, is found in a conflict between his personal and impersonal motives; in other words, Hamlet's absolute duty and the special duty imposed by the Ghost. Certainly, this is merely a negative way of restating the "irresolution" theory. When a man enters upon any line of discussion, he should keep faithfully to his form of attack.

Clearly Mr. Venable has told us nothing new. His book does not seem complete. It lacks résumé. Whatever discussion assumes the argumentative form should be arranged as a brief.

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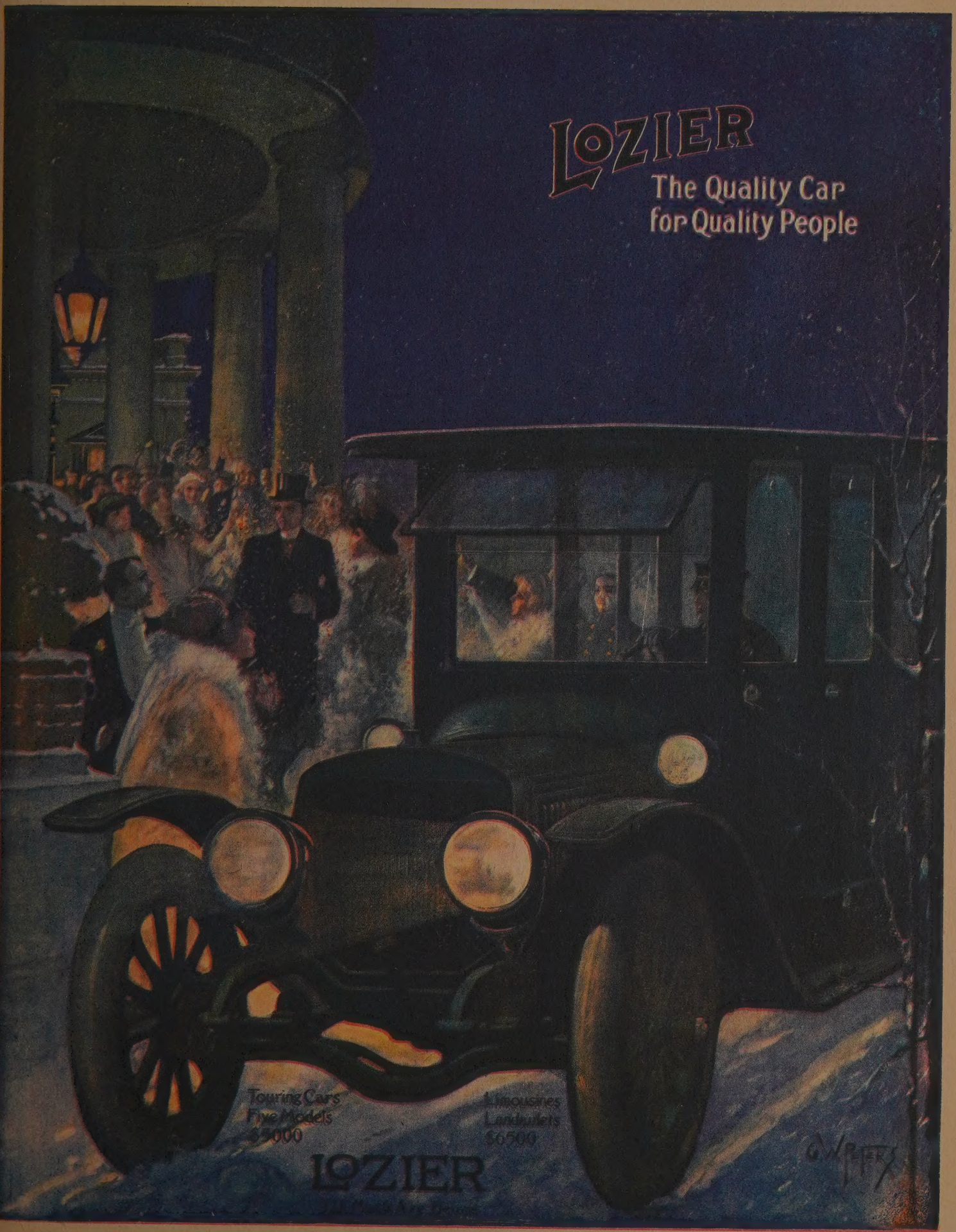
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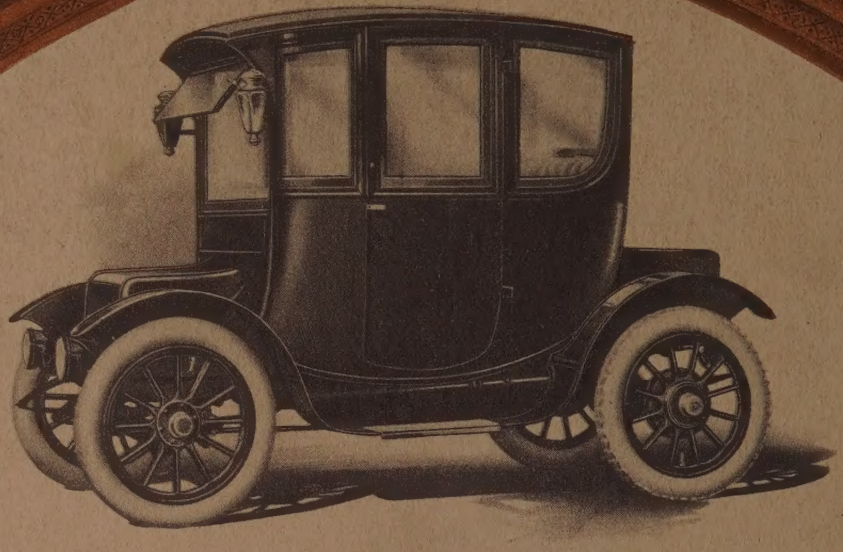

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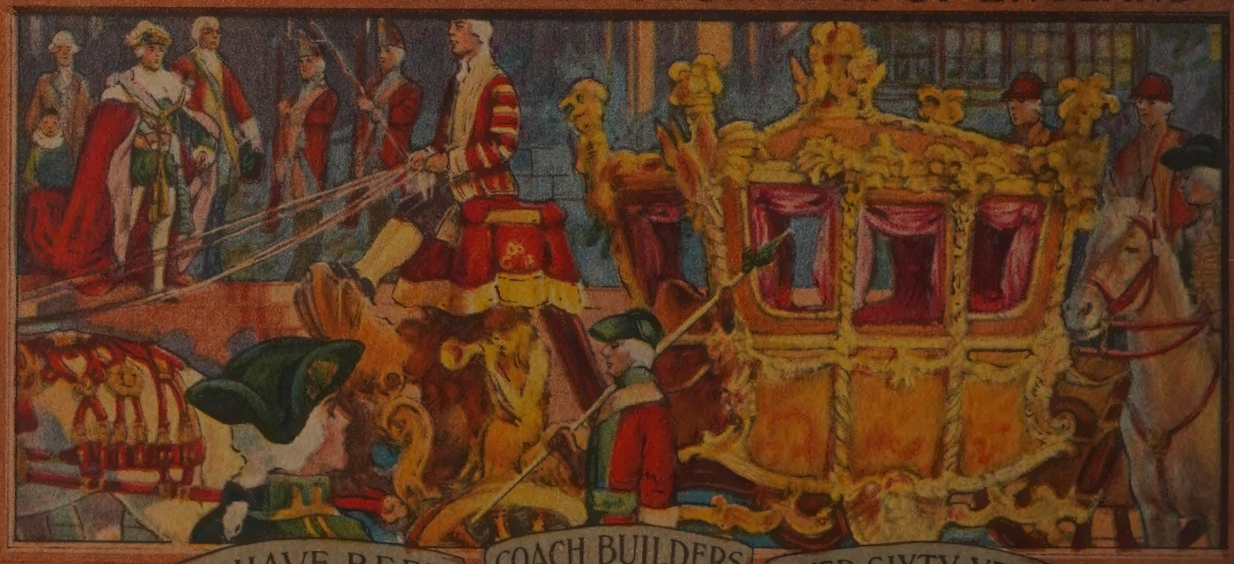

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